THE LIVING AGE

The World in Review

In This Number:

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The Spelling of English	*Gilbert Murray*
Have Faith in China	*Sun Fo*
The Church's Message	*T. S. Eliot*
Karl Radek	*Arved Arenstam*
The Soviet Theater	*Charles Vildrac*
Flight to Freedom (A Story)	*Victoria Wolf*

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THE LIVING AGE

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THE GUIDE POST

THE LIVING AGE sides with neither the 'ins' nor the 'outs' in any country. Our aim is to understand the views, the strength and weakness, and the prospects of both and to provide our readers with the evidence upon which they can form rational opinions of their own. We are neither Fascist nor Communist, neither Socialist nor dyed-in-the-wool propertarian, neither ultramontane nor anticlerical. If we were thin-skinned we might become extremely unhappy because we are so often misunderstood by casual readers who accuse us of propagating this or that 'ism.' No doubt the two who must have judged us a single article and wrote in to call us 'Fascist' believe that we should be under Hitler's arm in the proposed 'Chamber of Horrors!' Our regular readers know better, of course, and they also know that in selecting material from the world's press we are guided solely by a desire to get interesting, informing and authoritative articles regardless of politics. We always take care, however, to warn the reader when bias is present.

So much by way of introduction to our leading article, which is so biased that its author thought it would be wise to remain anonymous. Yet the article, 'Blum Must Go!' has high value because it is a carefully considered statement of the reasons why conservative Frenchmen fear and hate the Popular Front. And, by inference, it explains why wealthy French conservatives have refused to help Premier Blum overcome his financial difficulties. [p. 103]

WE HAVE always admired the light, imaginative essay—the kind that Thackeray called the 'essaykin'—and deplore its rarity in these times. When we find good examples of the form we hasten to pass them on to our readers. In the first example, Gilbert Murray, a world-renowned authority on dead languages, complains of the mustiness of English spelling. That Andrew Carnegie and other practical men should contend for simplified spelling was to be expected, but it is news when the Regius Professor of Greek at Oxford demands that the written language be modernized. [p. 110] Professor Murray's essay is followed by that of E. E. Kellett, who deflates the conceit that comes from knowing things that do not greatly matter. [p. 112]

WHAT is the truth about conditions in Germany? Desiring an answer to this question for the benefit of British investors, the *Banker*, a financial magazine of London, recently secured confidential reports from Germans who hold important positions in the Army, in industry, in journalism and in finance. The *Banker's* editorial, 'Hitler Sows the Wind,' which we reprint, was based on the revelations of its secret correspondents. [p. 114]

LONDON, the heart of the British Empire, expects to be bombed within a few hours of the declaration of war with a continental power. Less than twenty minutes after the enemy planes are sighted crossing the Channel they will deposit their cargo of deadly 'eggs.' Among the nine million souls who dwell in Greater London are many who still shudder when they recall the amateurish air raids of the World War. Major-General Fuller, who is recognized as one of Britain's foremost military authorities, asserts in his article 'Defenseless London' that more bombs will be dropped in a single raid in the next war than during the entire four years of the last. Not only does General Fuller believe that London is at present helpless against air attack, but he warns that the measures which the British Government is taking to protect the city will prove futile. [p. 117]

In contrast to General Fuller's grim predictions about London's fate under

(*Continued on page 187*)

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THE LIVING AGE

Founded by E. Littell
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The World Over

WHILE THE EYES OF THE WORLD are focused on the pageantry and solemn ritual attending George VI's coronation in Westminster Abbey on May 12th, it is rumored that Germany will march. According to the *Week*, a London mimeographed news sheet which boasts of gathering 'confidential' information, Czechoslovakia will be the victim. Not only the date but also certain details of the plan have been 'divulged' by the *Week*. For example, arrangements have already been made for the Slovak Separatists and Hungarians of Czechoslovakia to revolt while the world's attention is distracted; and as soon as the Prague Government moves to crush the revolt in the east, the Sudeten German minority in the west, aided by picked Storm Troops from Germany, will also rise. At that moment German and Hungarian armies, which will have been quietly mobilized, will converge on Prague.

As this is the most definite, it is the most interesting of the rumors of imminent war that are flying about Europe at the present time. The date of the explosion will be later, on a languorous summer week-end when French and British statesmen will be resting in the country, according to some predictions; Austria, rather than Czechoslovakia, will be the victim according to others. This plethora of rumors is symptomatic both of Europe's present war psychosis and of the existence of motives which might impel Chancellor Hitler to cross the Rubicon.

Three arguments are most often advanced in support of predictions that Germany will take the sword this summer. They are as follows:

First:—That within Germany the sacrifices that have had to be made

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to pay for the rearmament program have aroused widespread discontent. Despite Hitler's promise on January 30th that there would be no new 'surprises,' it is held that he will soon be forced to divert the nation's attention from its domestic troubles by means of a foreign adventure.

Second:—That the insatiable ego of National Socialism must constantly be fed and that no year can be permitted to pass without adding some new achievement to the record.

Third:—That if Germany delays until 1938 the rest of Europe will have improved its armaments and defensive agreements to such an extent that foreign adventures may prove costly, if not fatal. Hence the drive into the east must be begun before the British, French, Czechs, Poles and others are ready.

Each of these arguments possesses some merit; together they must certainly not be lightly dismissed. Somewhat less disturbing is the possibility that Germany may adopt a policy of watchful waiting. While continuing her rearmament and propaganda in Austria and Czechoslovakia, she would hold herself in readiness to intervene if there should be disturbances beyond her frontiers. In this way she might be able to achieve certain of her aims, especially in Eastern Europe, without a costly war and while appearing to act more or less in defense of her 'interests.' Such a policy of opportunism might be coupled with the shrewd bargaining which the *Banker*, a financial magazine of London, elsewhere in this issue (p. 114) calls by the ugly name of 'blackmail.' In accordance with this procedure, Germany would promise to keep the peace on the condition that she is given loans and colonies.

It cannot be denied that the National Socialists have brought about a resurrection of Germany's power that is unparalleled. Who could have thought, five years ago, that most of Europe would be quaking in its boots from fear of Germany in 1937? Yet the objectives that could be won by bluff and gamble and calculation upon the guilty consciences and inertia of the former Allies have already been won. Any new attacks upon the peace treaties must be territorial, and attempts in that direction are certain to be resisted. Since it is the German Army that will have to fight the war, its General Staff must be consulted and listened to. According to certain reliable foreign authorities, the German Army is still far from being an efficient war machine. Except for Italy, and possibly little Hungary, there seem to be no potential allies in Europe. But Italy can only be regarded as coöperating *pro tempore* and for purposes that are clearly limited in the mind of the strong man in the Palazzo Venezia in Rome. If what is meant to be a localized 'grab' should lead to a general war, as it probably would, Germany might find herself alone. That is an ominous prospect, and the German generals, who are no less patriotic than Chancellor Hitler, know the dangers better than he.

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THE OUTSTANDING EVENT of the year thus far has been Great Britain's announcement of her determination to rearm, and on a scale befitting her resources and responsibilities. It may prove to be a major historical event. After the British people had recovered from the initial shock of seeing so many digits joined together in the government's estimate of the cost, they began to feel a sense of elation in realizing that they were once more to be powerful and respected. Even the Labour benches did not question the need for rearmament, but merely wanted it linked with collective security and warned against profiteering. Real differences of opinion were largely confined to the problem of finding the enormous sums required — whether by loans or by new taxation.

It is significant of the changing scene in Europe that a nation whose citizens to the number of 11,000,000 had signed peace pledges a little more than a year before should accept its leaders' decision to arm to the teeth with enthusiasm.

ALL THE WORLD knows that the big, bad, black sheep of the European family, Germany and Italy, consort together. Just how close an understanding has been reached between them is known only to Berlin and Rome. Yet there is reason to believe that their coöperation is limited to specific questions and that they do not see eye to eye on others. It is certain, for example, that any attempt to extend German influence and power down the Danube or into the Balkans would at once clash with Italian interests. Hitler desires *Anschluss* with Austria, but Mussolini will not permit the powerful Reich to extend its frontier to the Brenner Pass if he can prevent it. A restoration of the Hapsburgs in Austria would erect a bulwark against *Anschluss* as it would provide the puny Austrian State with moral backbone. It is therefore favored by Mussolini and opposed by Hitler.

This difference in interest appears for the time being to insure Austria's safety. As long as the so-called Berlin-Rome Axis exists and Hitler and Mussolini feel that they need each other there is little likelihood that either *Anschluss* or restoration will be attempted. And as long as his two powerful neighbors are deadlocked on this question it is unlikely that Dr. Schuschnigg, the Austrian Chancellor, will invite trouble by calling Archduke Otto to the throne, although his sentiments favor restoration. The Little Entente, which used to threaten that 'Restoration Means War,' is much less opposed to the return of the Hapsburgs than it was before Germany rearmed and began to dream again of driving to the East. At Prague, Belgrade and Bucharest there is a growing belief that restoration is the lesser evil.

Baron von Neurath's recent visit to Vienna, presumably to forestall any attempt to bring back the monarchy, may have been successful in

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a literal sense. But he received a 'bad press,' and his greeting by a demonstration of Austrian Nazis was quite eclipsed by the gigantic counter-demonstration of the Patriotic Front Nationalists. According to the *Prager Presse*, Dr. Schuschnigg declined to give any pledge and referred the German Foreign Minister to a statement he had made to the Patriotic Front some time before—that restoration was 'an internal affair of Austria that would be solved on strictly constitutional lines.'

Obviously, the question of restoration is not solely internal, inasmuch as it involves Austria's relations with Germany in an acute way. This view is indicated in the recent comment of the official *Wiener Zeitung*:—

> A monarch who is lawfully entitled to perform his tasks does not need to sneak in by the backstairs, or try to return to his heritage by force. He can wait until time has sufficiently paved his way. . . . We mean not merely that a favorable tendency should prevail but that there should be a strong feeling in the country that the restoration of the monarchy is the only solution of the question of the form of government.

In brief, restoration can only come about when it is safe and will not involve Austria in serious difficulties with Germany. Meanwhile, there always remains the possibility of the alternative to *Anschluss*, namely, a successful *coup d'état* by the Austrian Nazis. Should that happen, Hitler and Mussolini would come to a parting in the way.

FOR MANY MONTHS the German Propaganda Ministry has waged verbal war in the Nazi press against Czechoslovakia. The peak of this campaign was reached when it was charged that Russian airdromes were being built on Czechoslovak soil. The responsible authorities in Prague promptly denied the truth of the stories and invited the German Government to send investigators to the airdromes in question. As might have been expected, the invitation was declined, because the stories had been fabricated. According to the Vienna correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian* the origin of the myth was as follows: 'A Russian paper published an article on the new airdromes in Czechoslovakia. A Hungarian paper translated and published it, but greatly "improved" the story by a deft little stroke: it described the airdromes as Russian. The Hungarian report, with this embellishment, was republished in Germany.'

Propaganda may go to great lengths even in peacetime, but Dr. Goebbels became convinced that the violence of the 'airdrome' charges, in view of their palpable falsity, had gone too far. He receded step by step until his explanation came into some degree of harmony with the facts. In a speech at Hamburg he said: —

> If we are accused of having none or only very unfriendly words to say about Czechoslovakia, the reason is that in our opinion her military alliance with

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> Moscow is a great danger for Europe. It is of no significance that Czechoslovak statesmen say to us that their airdromes are not Red but Czechoslovak. The only question is: at whose disposal will the airdromes in the last resort be placed? Czechoslovakia today is practically the aircraft mothership of Moscow.

It is quite true, of course, that Czechoslovak airdromes might be used by Soviet planes, but only if Czechoslovakia were to be attacked.

Observers on the Continent believe that Czechoslovakia has already been selected as the first victim of German expansion into Eastern Europe. The two methods most often predicted are: direct attack, and intervention following a revolt by the German Nationalist and Hungarian minorities. Germany's avowed reason for taking a strong interest in the affairs of her neighbor is the alleged plight of the Sudeten German minority. Late in February, however, the Prague Government made a number of cultural and economic concessions to the German minority after negotiations with the German parties that have remained free of Berlin's influence. While the Nazi press has scorned the concessions on the ground that they do not redress the minority's position as a subject people, they have obviously been disconcerted by Czechoslovakia's willingness to hear complaints and make practical readjustments.

The policy of the dominant Czechs toward minorities has not been particularly well-advised, and their reconsideration of the rights of the other nationalities may come too late to have the maximum effect. The Sudeten Germans, for example, have been educated along lines prescribed by Berlin for some years. Yet even now the Czechs would be willing to accord greater political rights to the German minority if its loyalty to the Czechoslovak Constitution were assured.

QUITE APART FROM THE MERITS of the Loyalist and the Insurgent causes in the Spanish Civil War, certain undeniable facts have pointed to an Insurgent victory. In trained men and modern *materiel* Franco has had the superiority, thanks to generous assistance from Italy and Germany. He has also an abundance of experienced officers. Even more significant throughout the war has been the unity and discipline of the Insurgent Junta and its forces in the field. A cause that is supported by so many different groups—clergy, the military caste, Carlists, Fascists, conservative republicans, monarchists, aristocrats and upper bourgeoisie, not forgetting Italians and Germans—might reasonably be expected to develop signs of friction. Bickering and jealousies might, for some time at least, hamper the progress of the movement. Nearly every revolt of the kind on record has exhibited these characteristics. But the Spanish Insurgents soon settled questions of authority. This harmony has made it possible for the insurgents to take and hold the initiative.

The Loyalists present a very different picture. While conceding that

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their cause has been seriously handicapped from the first by the attitude of France and Great Britain, by a lack of officers, trained men and war materials and by their determination to maintain a government of the *Frente Popular*, one cannot fail to be impressed by the fatal effects of their political disunity. From Barcelona and Valencia come endless reports of jealousy, caution and of resolution that is not converted into action. Lack of harmony has been more responsible even than Italian and German help to the foe in bringing about the defeat of their forces in the field. The Catalans should long ago have become reconciled to conscription. The respite provided by the successful defense of Madrid for many months should have been employed to train and equip at least 200,000 recruits. The result of this disunity and inability to prepare for the future is that the Loyalists seem to be in no better position to take the initiative than they were six months ago. Yet their defense, in view of their handicaps, has been heroic.

A STATEMENT OF THE POSITION of the opponents of the French Popular Front by a French Conservative appears elsewhere in this issue under the title 'Blum Must Go!' [p. 103]. As Premier Blum possesses a comfortable majority in Parliament, he has nothing to fear from strictly political opposition. But the efforts to make his position untenable have not been political but economic. French capital, which has long been noted for its nervousness, was sent abroad because of the fear of socialization. During the winter, when the French Treasury must always borrow because tax collections are at their low ebb, Premier Blum's appeals for loans fell on deaf ears. Despite the many modifications that have been made in his program and his promise of a 'breathing space,' French wealth has continued its opposition. Even if the new ten billion franc loan should be subscribed, it will be largely because of its patriotic and popular character and not because the capitalists have given in. When the spring tax collections begin pouring in the immediate financial stringency will have passed.

Favoring the survival of the Popular Front government are a number of factors. Most important perhaps is the support of the powerful Radical Socialist party which may be expected to continue as long as the Cabinet pursues a moderate and conciliatory policy. The Communists, under the shrewd leadership of Thorez and Cachin, are making no effort to dominate the course of the Popular Front and so far, at least, the facts seem to bear out their recent profession of patriotism. The Opposition, now led by M. Flandin, appears helpless as long as the Popular Front remains intact. The Fascist groups are closely watched by the government and do not appear to be dangerous. It is also important to remember that this is Exposition year in Paris. As the French hope for a

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boom in the tourist trade it is unlikely that they will permit anything to jeopardize its success.

HOW STRANGELY national psychologies differ! If Chiang Kai-shek had been a French statesman, his kidnapping would have made him ridiculous and he would surely have been obliged to retire from public life—at least for a considerable time. In China, however, Chiang's place as the only leader whom the whole country can follow is now recognized as never before. Whatever interpretation is put on the Sian-fu comic-opera affair, its result has been a strengthened sense of unity and of loyalty to the Nanking Government.

Although we doubt that the accord with the Communists will survive second thoughts, we believe that the Communist movement has served China well during the years since the Mukden Incident. If this statement appears to require explanation, one is readily forthcoming: the Red peril has given Chiang an excuse to build up the Chinese army, and especially its air force, into a respectable weapon without unduly alarming the Japanese. It is large, well-trained and equipped, and most of it has had experience in the field in chasing the Communist armies across a thousand miles of varied terrain. While it has not been tested against an efficient and well-equipped opponent like Japan—well, neither has the Japanese army. The least one can expect is that Chiang's armies would stop to fight and give an account of themselves. That would be enough to make a Chinese war a serious matter for Japan in the present state of her finances. If Japan's policy toward China is really to become friendly and non-aggressive, as announced at Tokyo, respect for China's new unity and Chiang's armies may well have been responsible.

With regard to the new policy which Premier Hayashi and Foreign Minister Sato have declared that Japan will henceforth pursue toward China, we in the West have unpleasant recollections of similar promises made at Tokyo during the past six years. Time after time the Foreign Office announced that there would be no further aggression, that the objectives had been achieved. The world listened, but the Kwangtung Army did not. Finally, the Great Wall was to be the perpetual boundary; but the Japanese army of conquest had other ideas. And so, instead of accepting the Japanese declarations at their face value and viewing the Far Eastern situation as being more promising than for many, many years, we shall have to withhold judgment until proof of a change is offered.

In Japan, the new Cabinet has thus far shown itself to be little different from its predecessor. Despite the change from Hirota to Hayashi, and the hue and cry in business circles and the press against the demands of the Army and Navy for huge appropriations, the Services got

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the amounts they desired. All the internal factors that precipitated the political crisis of late January are still present.

FAR FROM POWER POLITICS and the madding competition in armaments are a number of nations that for various reasons must be kept under observation. Finland, which lies on the periphery of European turmoils, has reflected the suspicion and fear with which Germany's neighbors have viewed Herr Hitler's neo-Bismarckian policy of 'Blood and Iron.' For several years the National Coalition and President Svinhufud have been regarded as among the warmest sympathizers Nazi Germany had abroad and Fascism was generally believed to have taken root among the Finns. But Finland still had a free ballot and in the recent elections the National Coalition went out and the Social Democrats came in. There followed an exchange of friendly visits by high Soviet and Finnish officials. This must not be interpreted as a Soviet orientation at Helsinki, because the Finns have a profound fear of Communism within their own borders, but rather that they desired to reassert their independence of German influence.

The recent elections in India were the first to be held under the new Federal Constitution. Both the Hindu and the Moslem parties have denounced the new Constitution but both participated in the election. The Congress, or Hindu, Party won a numerical control of several of the Provincial legislatures, and temporarily, at least, its successful candidates will be permitted to take office and participate in the Ministries. The Party is still divided, however, between the Pandit Nehru's demand for non-coöperation and refusal to take office after winning seats and Gandhi's policy of limited coöperation and participation in the government to press for social and economic reform. Pitted against the socialist-minded and belligerent Nehru, Gandhi appears in a strangely conservative rôle.

In Latin America, Argentina, a 'big' little country, is enjoying a period of unusual prosperity. Her favorable trade balance of 568,000,000 pesos in 1936 was the largest in her history. Bilateral trade agreements, exchange restrictions and a preferential licensing system are employed by many other countries but in none of them have these devices proved so satisfactory as in Argentina. But the United States Departments of State and Commerce are not in a mood to congratulate the prosperous Argentines, because the American export trade is being strangled by discriminatory restrictions despite Argentina's favorable balance with the United States.

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France's New Deal, like America's, has bitter foes. One of them states his grievances against Premier Blum.

Blum Must Go!

By L

Translated from the *Revue des Deux Mondes*
Paris Conservative Fortnightly Review

WHEN the French Popular Front Government came into office in June, 1936, it boasted that it would create a new social order. That it was pretentious, dictatorial and full of the sense of its own importance goes without saying. Its sycophants hailed it as the savior of France and predicted that its deeds would startle the whole world. The Cabinet itself did not hesitate to sing its own praises.

Under its direction the Chamber has passed some two hundred laws, only twenty-five of which were initiated by the Deputies. Among them were the collective contract, the forty-hour week, compulsory arbitration, the wheat bureau, the financing of harvests by the Bank of France, devaluation and fiscal reforms. It is an impressive list of achievements that the supporters of the Blum Cabinet offer for the admiration of the general public. These two hundred laws were, of course, mere improvisations, none of which could have been the result of serious study. The so-called reforms were inspired by revolutionary Marxist ideals which did not take any account of realities in France. In our time we have seen governments which were far more moderate in their assertions, more modest in their judgments and more circumspect in their use of propaganda. We have also seen many that were mediocre, inefficient and even harmful. But never before have we had to contend with anything like the deliberate and systematic program of destruction that is being carried out by the present Cabinet.

Theoretically a man's origin means little—his origin, we repeat, not his character, good sense or morals. From whatever point of the political quarter he comes, a Minister must love his country, be eager to serve it and be able to recognize its real needs. The parties may be described as members of a relay team who pass a great responsibility from one to another; they may differ in method but must be alike in their zeal for public welfare. This has been the case in England and Bel-

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gium, where national stability, symbolized in the person of the monarch, remains over and above the parties. There is no reason why a change in political doctrine should impair a nation's stability. Social and other reforms are always possible. And even the boldest program does not necessarily bring disaster if it is carried out by able men who are more anxious to obtain material advantages for their country than to shine as brilliant theorists.

At the time of the 1936 elections there seemed to be no reason why a reform-minded Ministry should not try its hand at running the country. Many well-intentioned men imagined that the Blum Cabinet would follow French Ministerial tradition.

II

But that wasn't at all what happened. From the moment it took office, the Blum Cabinet has proceeded to throw all our traditions overboard. Emotions overrode sober judgment. The formation of the Popular Front had awakened many passions. Instead of taking command and calming these passions, the Blum Cabinet succumbed to them itself. It gave its benediction to mob action and acted in a manner that was calculated to fan the flames. Much was promised lightly; these promises had to be kept, and quantity preceded quality in the framing of the laws. No wonder that under these circumstances the Blum Cabinet has done some unreasonable and hasty things without giving much thought to the future. Nor are we surprised to see it forced to contradict itself and to cover up its mistakes by making more.

Upon coming into power the Blum Cabinet stated that it would never countenance devaluation. Nevertheless devaluation, made necessary by the Government's unsound policy, came in a few weeks. The measure was hastily planned and passed; partisan considerations prevented the Government from bolstering it up with other measures designed to draw some good out of it. It did not even win the approval of the devaluationists themselves. It solved neither budgetary nor fiscal problems. Devaluation was really an admission of bankruptcy—an inglorious way out but the only one the Government could find at the moment.

Our other grievance is that after much talk of social reforms, the Blum Cabinet undertook some that severely taxed the national budget. As a result we are now faced with the greatest deficit we have ever known. Who will pay it? Nobody knows. The Blum Cabinet looks to the future taxpayers to pay the debts it has imprudently contracted. Countless billions will be needed. But even while it waits for the economic recovery that is to put money back into the Treasury, it claims that prosperity is already here. Unfortunately these are merely empty words, for the only visible result of its policies to date is a rise in the cost of living.

This is not just an opinion. Anyone can see the facts for himself in the figures published by the French General Statistical Bureau. According to its indices wholesale prices have risen 24 per cent since the devaluation. Comparing the wholesale prices of the summer of 1935, when they were at their lowest, with those at the end of 1936, after the devaluation, we find a rise

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of from 50 to 60 per cent. The retail prices are being adjusted to the present price level much more slowly but even they have risen 11 per cent in three months. On the basis of this trend it is predicted that living expenses will rise 7 per cent more in the next three months, and 15 per cent in the next 18 months. Here is a sad prospect for the family of modest income to look forward to.

What does this mean? The advocates of devaluation maintained that only the wholesale prices would rise while the retail prices would remain at the old level. This proved to be an illusion. Middle-class men with savings accounts, who owned stocks and bonds, saw the franc depreciated by 30 per cent. This did not improve their condition; they are beginning to feel keenly the adverse effects of the Governmental innovations. Nor are they sure that the Government will stop with these. But the Popular Front is not particularly concerned with their plight. It is too busy celebrating the alleged business recovery and jubilating over the beneficial effects of its social reforms.

III

What about unemployment? Has it been reduced? As we know, that was the principal argument in favor of the forty-hour week. The supporters of the measure contended that higher prices would bring about an increase in sales and that industries, forced to work fewer hours, would have to use more workers. Well, up to now the forty-hour week has accomplished very little in that direction. Last November the metallurgical industry, which employs a million workers, had 70,000 applications for jobs on file. At the beginning of January it still had 65,400 applications—a difference of only 4,600 in round figures. In the mines the number of workers increased by only 2,500 from October to December.

A part of the explanation lies in the fact that industry needs specialized workers of whom few can be found among the unemployed. Without qualified workers it is impossible to achieve the increased production that the Blum Cabinet wants and which is essential to recovery. To succeed, that program requires more hours of work rather than fewer. On the whole the forty-hour week has done little to reduce unemployment. And there is the new danger that by reducing production and raising wages it will bring higher production costs and a higher cost of living.

What strikes one most in the so-called Blum Experiment is the Cabinet's complete ignorance of economic realities. This arises from the fact that the Cabinet is Marxist. It is trying to carry out in France a system that has failed wherever it has been tried. All the experiment has led to so far is a huge deficit in the budget and a higher cost of living. The workers, in turn, feel compelled to demand still higher wages. So we have mounting wages and mounting cost of living succeeding each other in a vicious chase until a grave economic crisis is finally precipitated.

One's apprehensions are not quieted by the Government's measures in connection with the existing institutions and political organizations. The outstanding event of the last six months was the eclipse of the Parliament as a significant political institution. To all

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appearances the Chamber and the Senate are still functioning. They hold their appointed sessions; their members debate and votes are taken from time to time. But the Parliament no longer matters. It has been reduced to the status of a mere registry of the Cabinet's desires. Bills are prepared outside of it and the important decisions are made elsewhere. The Popular Front majority in the Chamber has made things very easy for its masters.

The deputies who support the Blum Cabinet do not even have to be present: they are voted *en masse* by proxy. The *boîtiers*, who watch the ballot boxes, are the only ones who have any work to do. The Opposition has taken every opportunity to make itself heard, though its ranks have been sadly thinned. But, while its objections are sound and based on sufficient evidence, its efforts have been futile. As for the Senate, it followed the example of the Chamber, although unwillingly. For the last six months, then, Parliament has been a mere ghost of its former self.

IV

Do we at least have a government with a clearly defined will of its own — one that is able to enforce its authority? Not at all. In reality the Government abdicated long ago. Inexorable circumstances forced the Cabinet to realize that it could not carry out its grandiose plans: accordingly it made a deal with its masters. The truth is that the Government, like Parliament, has been getting orders from outside. In all its actions it has shown its subservience to the so-called dictatorship of the masses.

From the very beginning Premier Blum declared that his Ministry would be the instrument of the masses. We ask: 'What sort of leadership can the masses give us?' Even if the masses were composed exclusively of men who are honest, well-intentioned and interested in public welfare, how can the welfare of the country be allowed to depend on a mob of men who are ruled by emotions and not ideas, who are not versed in public affairs and have been otherwise employed than in learning how nations should be governed? History teaches us on every page the fickleness, incoherence, ignorance and injustice of mob rule.

But the 'ruling masses' were not permitted to enjoy their power for very long. They soon found their master—neither in the Parliament nor in the Blum Cabinet but in the Federation of Labor. The prudent and moderate Federation of Labor of former days, like American and English trade unions, used to concern itself only with matters affecting the interests of the trades. Its character changed completely from the moment when it merged with the Communist Federation.

Now it is entirely dominated by the Bolshevik invaders. It has organized or endorsed purely political strikes and the occupation of factories by sit-down strikers. It has participated in other activities that are injurious to the freedom of contract and the security of private property. In short, the Federation of Labor has become revolutionary in character.

It is surprising that our unions should countenance these subversive actions, which, while obtaining some

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ephemeral advantages for the workers, will in the end bring them more hardships as a result of the high cost of living and curtailed production. As a matter of fact, the Federation of Labor is itself master only in appearance. In many cases it has hesitated to exercise its authority and it has been unable to command absolute obedience. Why? Behind it there is still another power, which knows its own mind and is peremptory in its orders. That power is Moscow. And here is our main grievance against the Blum Cabinet: it has allowed French policy to be dominated by Russian schemes that can only lead to civil war.

What will astonish future historians the most is the fact that the Radical Socialists have approved this perilous experiment. After ruling France for forty years the Radical Party made its greatest mistake and incurred a grave responsibility when it gave its support to the Popular Front Government. The Popular Front, a Communist creation, could never have existed without Radical support. Sarraut and the other Radical leaders have much to answer for in this connection. Because of party selfishness and a cowardly desire to escape the consequences of the Stavisky affair, they have exposed the nation to grave peril. Even in June, 1936, they could no longer have had any doubts about the real character of the Popular Front; yet they accepted it with resignation, if not with a certain light-hearted complacency. They gave it a free hand. Of course Socialists and Communists with their subversive creeds were in their element in laying the foundation for revolution. But the Radicals, who have always claimed to represent law, order and progress, prostituted their own traditions by helping them.

A paradoxical situation ensued. The Radicals, who controlled one-quarter of the Chamber and two-thirds of the Senate, permitted both the Chamber and the Senate to be relegated to a secondary position and to become dependent on the good will of the Federation of Labor. True, they went on voting, but they only passed on what the Federation had already decided. What an amazing abdication of their rights! And what a futile sacrifice!

To save face the Radicals have repeatedly declared that only the fear of popular unrest kept them from scuttling the Blum Cabinet. Their excuse is weak. Popular unrest would not have assumed dangerous proportions if the Radicals had openly declared that the policy of the Blum Cabinet was not theirs or that of the middle-class and rural population which they represent.

What they have done cannot be justified by electoral considerations. Here is one instance where their customary invocation of the so-called 'will of the people' will not serve. The people's leaders should express its will and guide public opinion. This the Radical leaders have failed to do.

V

A Cabinet dominated by Socialists and Communists is hardly one from which to expect a responsible foreign policy. Many times during its six months in power the Government has been faced with ticklish problems. That it has made no serious mistakes has been due to the imminence of danger, or to favorable circumstances, or to timely warnings. The attitude

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taken from the first by Germany, for example, precluded any possibilities of a foolhardy disarmament. It would have been impossible for any Government, not composed of madmen, to ignore the imperative necessity of strengthening the army. At any rate the Blum Cabinet put through the necessary grants for the army.

The potential pro-Germanism which the Blum Cabinet shares with all Marxist agencies had been considerably cooled by Hitler's accession to power, and by the anti-Semitism and anti-liberalism which the National Socialist régime subsequently displayed. The change of heart had some less fortunate consequences, since the Cabinet's dislike came to include Italy and endangered the policy of coöperating with Italy which had seemed so promising. This tendency was shown very clearly on one occasion when the Government delayed sending an Ambassador to Italy merely because it could not make up its mind to address Victor Emanuel in the credentials as Emperor of Ethiopia. We were left with only a chargé d'affaires at Rome precisely at a time when an Ambassador's presence there was imperative.

The Communists have made the most trouble for the Blum Cabinet. In their eagerness to injure Germany they have insisted upon the broadest interpretation of the Franco-Russian Pact. The Spanish Civil War gave them an opportunity which they were not slow to take. The Bolsheviks fear Germany, and so they hope to divert a German invasion of Russia by making the Spanish Civil War an international conflict. All the Bolshevik elements in the Cabinet wanted to aid the Spanish Popular Front to the extent of sending it food and arms under cover. The fact that the Popular Front in Spain does not really represent the Spanish People but a strong mixture of anarchists, Russians, revolutionaries from all countries and international adventurers did not matter to them. Their main object was the defeat of General Franco, who really represents the republican elements in Spain, under the pretext that he was supported by Germany and Italy. Among the greatest errors committed by the Blum Cabinet was its failure immediately to recognize the true nature of the situation in Spain and its persistence in a two-faced policy, allowing enlistment of volunteers and transportation of arms and food supplies to Spain, instead of preserving a strict neutrality.

An important factor in the international politics of the past few months has been England's return to her rightful position in international affairs. For a long time our English friends clung to their illusions about Germany and hesitated to embark upon a strong continental policy. Germany's rearmament, her occupation of the Rhineland and the concentration of her troops on the French and Belgian frontiers opened their eyes. They saw Germany steadily rebuilding her military strength. Obviously this could have only one purpose.

From the moment England saw this there was nothing for her to do but to adopt a firm policy. She made it clear that she wanted peace and that she would not be a party to creating a European conflict to which she herself would ultimately fall a victim. At last England now knows that her frontier lies on the Rhine—and this realization is most important to Europe's welfare.

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The Blum Cabinet has been congratulating itself on this diplomatic success. Although we agree as to its importance we cannot give the Cabinet full credit for it. It had merely profited by circumstances beyond its control. Having no foreign policy of its own and being incapable of acquiring one, it followed England's lead as best it could. That is probably the most commendable thing it has done. Of course we should have preferred to see a great nation like France take the initiative in preserving Europe's security and at least collaborate with rather than follow England. But beggars can't be choosers. The point is that the Blum Cabinet did little to strengthen the bonds of friendship between England and France. Events have shown the British that security on the Continent is impossible without Franco-British coöperation; they merely happened to learn this lesson at a time when the Blum Cabinet was in power.

It is true that the British press is most indulgent toward Blum—much more so than it ever was to its own Ramsay MacDonald. The British have always preferred to deal with weaker Ministries in other countries. We are unlike them in this respect. We think that France needs a strong England just as England needs a strong France, and that France would be better off with a stronger administration at its helm. Since our Cabinet is what it is, we are obliged to admit, not without envy and regret, that it is fortunate for Europe that England has undertaken the leadership in European diplomacy with her customary wisdom and determination.

VI

To sum up. The political crisis in France has been greatly aggravated by the Blum Cabinet. The State has become steadily weaker. The finances of the country are in disorder and the deficit mounts day by day. Our public spirit, national discipline and social traditions have been undermined. Much damage has been done—morally perhaps even more than materially.

Signs are not lacking, however, that point to an early reversal of public opinion which will force the Blum Cabinet either to resign or to be guided by experience and reason. Only then will we be able to see the extent of damage it has done. And when we have seen, we will be convinced that new leaders must undertake the work of reconstruction. Only by vigorous and unabating efforts will we be able to put the country back on its feet.

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One scholar says that English spelling should have a 'spring cleaning'; another is tolerant of mispronunciation and other petty ignorance.

With the Essayists

I. The Spelling of English

By Gilbert Murray

From the *Spectator*, London Conservative Weekly

THERE are two plain practical reasons for the reform of English spelling. In education the work of learning to read and write his own tongue is said to cost the English child about a year longer than, for example, the Italian child, and certainly tends to confuse his mind. For purposes of commerce and general intercourse, where the world badly needs a universal auxiliary language and English is already beginning in many parts of the world to serve that purpose, the enormous difficulty and irrationality of English spelling is holding the process back. However, I leave the mere practical points to others; as befits a Professor of Scottish descent, I prefer to come down to the fundamentals.

The alphabet was an amazing invention—few people realize how amazing. A system of pictograms is easy enough to invent, though far from clear when invented. If you wish to see a man about a dog and the man is not at home, it requires no great invention to draw a picture of the dog as a message; but a system of pictograms to be effective requires some 20,000 or 30,000 characters. To translate spoken sounds into signs is a very different matter; and even there a syllabary, like the Assyrian, however clumsy, is much easier to invent than an alphabet. A series of marks for BA, BE, BI, BO, BU, etc., is so easy that each syllable can be definitely pronounced and recognized. But an alphabet analyzes these syllables into their constituent parts and operates with sounds that cannot be pronounced, such as a consonant without any following vowel. By this great effort of analysis it becomes possible to write every spoken word in a language,

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more or less exactly with about twenty-five signs.

Our alphabet was invented for the Phoenician language, which indicated no vowels. It was taken over with due changes by the Greeks, and with some further modification by the Romans and then by the languages of modern Europe. It may possibly have been a perfect fit for Phoenician. It has certainly never been quite a perfect fit for any of the languages that have used it since. But a perfect fit is not necessary. We can leave that to the scientific phonetic alphabet. The trouble we have to deal with is of quite a different sort. It is a question of growth and change. When any language is first written down, one may assume that the job is well done and that the signs fairly correspond to the sounds. But then comes the trouble. The sounds of a language are always changing inevitably and continuously; the signs remain fixed. The result in course of time is either chaos or readjustment, or in a few cases, the coexistence of two quite separate languages, one spoken and one written.

Now nearly all languages have a periodic 'spring-cleaning' of their orthography. English had a tremendous 'spring-cleaning' between the twelfth and fourteenth centuries. It looks to us like a sudden revolution from Old English to Middle English. As a matter of fact, so philologists tell me, it was a gradual change in speech which eventually compelled a rather sudden change in spelling. In the Renaissance again our spelling underwent much reform and some bedevilment, largely in order to latinize words that were not of Latin origin; as 'rime' for example was adorned with *b* and a *y*. Even in the time of Shakespeare English spelling remained fairly chaotic, though I think the prize for ingenious orthography should be given to King John, justly deemed the most brilliant of the Plantagenets, who succeeded in spelling the word *usage* without a single one of the letters employed by the *Spectator* for that purpose. (This amounts to a puzzle; I defer the answer to the end of this article.) At last, in the eighteenth century, a drastic reform was made and the whole language spring-cleaned. It is practically Dryden's spelling that we now use, but few can doubt that the time for another spring-cleaning has fully arrived.

II

As for other languages, the French Academy deliberately changed 5,000 words in 1602, and has kept up a stream of mild change ever since. German and Scandinavian have steadily reformed their spelling, and done so very vigorously of late years. In Russia it needed a bloody revolution to remove an intolerable accumulation of unpronounced letters. Italian and Spanish, on the other hand, have with wonderful consistency and clearness kept their spelling constantly changing as the languages changed.

The worst offender in contemporary Europe is probably Greek. The pronunciation has passed through many stages of phonetic decay, while the spelling has remained extraordinarily antiquated. As a result, though the Greeks are, of course, the great traders of the Levant and, as long as business can be done by the spoken word, Greek is the language used, when it comes to

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writing, Greek is too difficult, and traders take refuge in French or Turkish, or even Bulgar. That is the sort of fate which English is preparing for itself. Written and spoken English are becoming two languages.

It must not be supposed that the reformers want an exact phonetic alphabet. There must obviously be a large 'latitude of correctness' to every sound. What we need is merely a standard spelling for a standard language. It would be too much, again, to ask that every sound should have one sign and one only to denote it. That is the case in Italian: when you hear an Italian word you know how to spell it; when you see the word written you know how to pronounce it. In French, on the other hand, when you see the word written you know how to pronounce it, but when you hear it spoken you do not at all know how to spell it. I received a letter some time ago beginning: *Je mant prèce* (it meant *Je m'empresse*). This degree of correspondence would probably be quite enough for English to aim at. It would at least show a foreigner that *bough*, *cough*, *dough*, *rough*, *through*, etc., are not pronounced the same.

As President of the Simplified Spelling Society, I take this controversy calmly. The 'spring-cleaning' which my society asks for is, I think, quite certain to come; though the longer it is delayed the more revolutionary it will be. It may come as Lord Bryce, when President of the British Academy, desired, by means of a Royal Commission or a special committee of the Academy. It may, on the other hand, come through the overpowering need of nations in the Far East, and perhaps in the North of Europe, to have an auxiliary language, easy to learn, widely spoken, commercially convenient, and with a great literature behind it, in a form intelligible to write and speak.

Of course, as with all reforms, some aesthetic sensibilities will be hurt. Many will feel that the ghost in *Hamlet* ceases to be ghostly if spelt, as Shakespeare spelt it, without the superfluous *h*, and the Gost of King John may be indignant if asked to alter his accustomed '*yowzitch*.'

II. On 'Scraps of Knowledge'

By E. E. Kellett

From the *Spectator*, London Conservative Weekly

I WAS surprised recently to learn that the great American whom I have called Elīhu Root ever since I can remember called himself Elĭhu. Though I have my doubts whether Mr. Root's parents consulted a Hebrew scholar before giving him that name, yet I think it a sound rule to pronounce a man's name as he himself pronounces it. I remember a book of my youth, called *Manners and Tone of Good Society*, in which a whole chapter was devoted to this subject, and the principle was laid down that nothing was so clear a mark of low origin as the mispronunciation of such names as Cholmondeley or Belvoir.

I recall also how, after I had been talking for years of the great Frenchman Dupleix as Duplay, I found that

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a Parisian friend of mine had never heard of the gentleman. Finally I gave him the spelling. '*Ah, mille pardons, vous parlez de Duplexx*'—with an *x* as clear and distinct as in any textbook on Algebra. I felt that I owed an apology to the hundreds of pupils whom I had so grievously mistaught, and some of whom might be propagating the error on the banks of the Ganges or among the natives of Fiji. My self-respect was not restored till I heard a man talk of 'Descartēs,' as if the philosopher had been a Greek, and there came to me that 'sudden glory' which, as Hobbes says, 'arises from the sense of superiority to others.'

But, after all, is mispronunciation so very important? What Englishman, during the War, felt any shame when he failed over the word Prczemysl, which a Polish barber of my acquaintance told me was perfectly simple? Did not Southey almost pride himself on his inability to pronounce Prczebitschewsky, that terrible name:

A name which you all know by sight very well,
But which no one can speak, and no one can spell?

And yet I was assured by a Russian that the name was nothing like so clumsy as Howard or Stanley.

The fact is that we all have a tendency to think our own scraps of knowledge are the sole marks of true refinement. A classical scholar some years since, conversing with an Australian astronomer who had not enjoyed the advantages of a public-school education, was filled with contempt when he heard Boötes pronounced as if it were the name of the common footwear. He never suspected that the contempt was mutual; that, in fact, the astronomer, confronted with such an ignoramus, was saying under his breath, 'If it comes to despising, you're not in it with me.'

Both these men were wrong. It takes a certain breadth of mind to realize that a man who does not know what you know may yet know a good deal that you don't; and it is noteworthy that it is the really ignorant who are most supercilious when they discover ignorance in others. The Scottish professor, when his caddie mocked at his golf, was right to say, 'My boy, if you were in my Greek class I *could* laugh at you, but I shouldn't.' I have sometimes detected a contemptuous look on the face of a villager when I have asked the way to the church. He has known it all his life; how can anybody be so stupid as not to know it too?

Shakespeare, who noticed a good many things in his time, did not fail to notice this among the rest. When Hamlet asked the grave-digger how long it was since the old King Hamlet overcame Fortinbras, the man replied, 'Cannot you tell that? every fool can tell that.'

We are all more or less like the grave-digger; and, if one may venture to think that Shakespeare meant to teach a lesson, I imagine it was this, that we should neither be unduly humiliated when caught out not knowing something, nor unduly exalted when we find we know some detail unknown to others.

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A Study of Germany's present position by British investment advisers.

Hitler Sows *the* Wind

From the *Banker*
London Financial Monthly

[*The following editorial on the position and policy of Germany after four years of National Socialism served as a foreword to a series of unsigned reports which the* Banker *secured from 'men of achievement in Germany's military, financial and industrial affairs.'* THE EDITORS]

IT IS clear that Germany's political leaders are gambling with the livelihoods, and are prepared to gamble with the lives, of their people. We would not withhold from those leaders the credit for a number of remarkable administrative achievements, especially in their work for health and youth. But after every allowance has been made for the achievements and difficulties of the National Socialist Government, it is impossible to escape the conclusion that as a result of its policies Germany has been insulated from the benefits of the recovery which continues to improve the economic life of almost every other nation.

The main achievement of the National Socialist régime is its creation of a considerable international 'nuisance value.' Will this most costly creation yield any benefit to the people? It might, in certain circumstances, have brought much profit to Germany at the expense of her neighbors and perhaps of the British Empire. But we are of opinion that that 'nuisance value' is a perishable asset. Germany's ruthless foreign policy and the blatant threat to peace caused by her vast rearmament program is creating a real league of free nations. Distrust of Germany has spread far beyond the boundaries of Europe. Even in America, where Germany has many friends and financial supporters, feeling against Herr Hitler's Government is as great as in countries like France and Holland.

Dangerous as is the outlook for 1937, there are no grounds for despair. If the British Government and all governments which care for peace and liberty press on with the task of repairing their defenses and pursue a

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firm diplomatic policy, the perils of German rearmament will, in the end, react on her own people. The Germans, we are told by General Göring, prefer guns to butter. No one with any real knowledge of conditions in Germany will accept this gangster logic. As the rearmament program reaches its climax, unemployment and undernourishment must be the lot of the German people. Signs of public dissatisfaction with the policy of preferring guns to butter are not wanting. During the last few months there has been considerable unrest in German factories. It is true that the dissident workers have been ruthlessly repressed, but the strain caused to the German people by their Government's policy will eventually prove unbearable. What will happen then?

Germany, it is said, will find relief in war. The risk is real and may be fatal if democratic countries are disunited or incompetent in repairing their defenses. There is real reason to believe that the all-powerful German Army chiefs realize that Germany is not yet ready for war. They would only be willing to go to war if they thought that their prey could be caught napping, or if Germany's armed strength could overwhelm any combination of countries.

II

Fortunately, during the last six months, nations which might have been selected as the prey are joining together to meet the mortal peril of German militarism. It would be foolish to maintain that the defenses of those nations are not seriously defective. But they are being strengthened. Germany might perhaps conquer —she could certainly inflict fearful injuries on—any one nation. But she has no hope of conquering a combination of nations in which England, France and other Powers play a part.

There is good reason to believe that this unpalatable truth has sunk into the minds of the German generals. They have realized the folly, not to say danger, of their Government's blustering foreign policy. The Army is now, as it ever has been, the real trustee of the German nation. The generals will not permit a war in which Germany is almost certain to lose. Can they restrain the Nazi leaders from a smash-and-grab raid on some neighboring foreign State? They can and will if it is clear that such a raid will be resisted by an overwhelming combination of countries. The German generals have hitherto taken no action in restraint of their Government's explosive foreign policy because they have been repeatedly reassured that it would yield great profit to the Third Reich. They have been told that, though German guns might fail against a combination of powers, they have another, and perhaps more profitable, use. They are vital to a policy of blackmail. We use this ugly word advisedly. The generals would obviously not object to using their military strength to blackmail the world if it were quite certain that they would not have to risk a war which might lead to the defeat of Germany. They share Herr Hitler's view that democratic government creates a spirit of 'softness' which makes countries willing to submit to almost any demands rather than to go to war. This theory has been justified by the march of events.

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It is only too well known that Germany, to use a vulgarism, has 'got away' with a succession of treaty breaches which has few parallels in history, and that these successes were obtained when Germany's armaments were much below their present strength. The climax of German rearmament will soon be reached; meanwhile, the blackmail policy is being perfected in all its details.

What should England do when confronted by German blackmail? The answer is clear. Any financial or territorial concessions made to the present German régime would serve only to perpetuate the gangster tyranny which has forced Europe to become an armed, or rapidly arming, camp. Knowing, as Britain does, that peace and Nazi methods go ill together, we should make no concessions to a country dominated by men who worship force and have shown no hesitation in using murder as an instrument of domestic and foreign policy.

We regret to have to admit that from a small but rather influential circle in the City of London there flows a constant stream of propaganda in favor of credits for Germany. These propagandists say that a loan to Germany would be a twofold investment. We could buy off German aggression and, by propping up an admittedly desperate and faithless tyranny, we could prevent Germany from falling into Communism. Intelligent Englishmen are unlikely to be terrified by the threat. The notion that English money would keep Communism from flowing into Germany is inherently ridiculous. English money is far more likely to be used for the creation of poison gas and other delectable munitions. The truth is that most Englishmen find it difficult to discover any fundamental difference between what the poverty of our language forces us to call the 'principles' of Communism and those of Naziism. They certainly do not feel that England is well cast in the rôle of financial missioner to save Germany from Bolshevism.

The conclusion of the whole matter is that Herr Hitler must reap what he has sown, and his 'nuisance value' must be discounted in his own disillusioned country and not in the City of London. Apart from the fact that it is contrary to the public interest to grant credits to Germany, it is clear that from the standpoint of the investor, Germany is a bottomless pit. And the bluster and bad faith, which have been the main ingredients of German foreign policy, have also characterized all Dr. Schacht's dealing with the English bankers and bondholders who have been foolish enough to put their trust in German promises.

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What is being done to protect London and Berlin against the horrors of air raids? One expert believes that London is helpless; another finds Berlin secure and confident.

Terror *from the* Skies

I. Defenseless London

By Major-General J. F. C. Fuller

From the *English Review*, London Independent Conservative Monthly

I AM appalled at the little which is being done to prepare the British people to face the certainty of aerial bombardments in another war. Not only are no steps worth considering being taken, but I have been informed that in certain towns in the North pacifist and Socialist mayors have refused to coöperate in air-defense measures. For this lethargy and wilful obstruction I blame the Government. Although it has embarked upon a costly and, in my opinion, an uncoordinated scheme of defense, it has so far failed to realize that technical rearmament without disciplinary rearmament is a very frail reed to lean upon. The real problem of air-defense is so poorly understood that again and again we have been told by Mr. Baldwin and other statesmen that, except for retaliation, there is no answer to air attack. I maintain that there is, because, as the object of such attacks is not to kill and destroy, but instead to create panic and revolution, the answer is *national discipline*. Now that the nerves and will of the civil population can be directly attacked, the people themselves are nothing more than a highly sensitive revolutionary force—human dynamite, in fact, unless they are disciplined to withstand bombing.

As our Government cannot see this, or rather will not see it, presumably because it is fearful of infringing our sacred right of personal liberty, which so far as air-defense is concerned is nothing short of license to commit

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suicide, I shall examine the problem from its disciplinary or moral point of view, that is, from its true foundation. In doing so I shall avoid the exaggerations which pacifists have made use of in order to terrify the people and also the contempt for the newer arms which characterizes the old school of war. Concerning the first, when disarmament was the main plank in our policy, we were told that London could be wiped off the map by forty tons of poison gas. And as regards the second, now that we are rearming, we are informed that, should small incendiary bombs be showered upon us, all we need do is to sprinkle the top floors of our houses with two inches of earth and remove it by means of long-handled shovels! Both these statements are, of course, absurd. As public memory is so very short, I shall describe what happened during the World War in an attempt to establish a mean between them. The reader can then apply the lessons learned at that time to the improvements in methods of attack which have taken place since.

II

Between 1914–1918, 111 air attacks were made, 52 by Zeppelins and 59 by airplanes, in which 8,500 bombs of all sizes, weighing about 300 tons, were dropped. In Zeppelin raids 556 persons were killed and 1,357 injured, and in airplane raids 857 and 2,050 respectively. The damage done was estimated at just short of $15,000,000. The total casualties were, therefore, 4,820—a truly insignificant figure when compared to our yearly road casualties of 7,000 persons killed and 250,000 injured. Over the whole of England, casualties averaged 16 per ton of bombs dropped, and in the London Metropolitan area from 16 night raids they were 52 per ton of bombs. But in the two daylight airplane raids on London the average rose to 77 a ton. This is an important fact to remember, for it goes to show that when people are in their houses casualties are reduced by 50 per cent. Also it must be remembered that, unless people are under cover, many casualties are caused by the 'self-bombardment' of the anti-aircraft guns. On one occasion 20 per cent of the loss was due to this cause and on another it was 27 per cent. I experienced almost nightly bombardments in the Ypres area during 1917, and, as I slept in a tent, I was far more frightened by the innumerable pieces of shell which came whistling down to the ground than by the bombs themselves, which, incidentally, caused few casualties.

During the War the most disastrous raid was on Margate, Essex and London on June 13, 1917. It was carried out by 22 airplanes and resulted in 162 deaths and 432 injuries, or slightly more than the casualties suffered in the naval bombardment of Hartlepool, Scarborough and Whitby on December 16, 1914, when 137 were killed and 592 injured. According to German figures, their total civilian losses from air attack were 720 killed and 1,754 wounded, and the property destroyed was valued at $6,000,000.

From these figures it will be seen that loss of life was small and damage to property insignificant. In Germany the yearly damage caused by fires has been estimated at $100,000,000, and in Great Britain that due to rats at $350,000,000. In spite of all improvements in aircraft and bombing, it

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would take a large number of raids to cause damage totaling such amounts. Nevertheless, it should be realized that the 300 tons of bombs dropped on English soil could today be easily dropped in a single raid. Concerning this form of attack, though the recent war in Ethiopia does not teach us much, for conditions were so different from those in Europe, it does indicate what we may expect and against what we should be prepared. At its conclusion there were no more than 500 machines in use, many of them obsolete; yet 872 bombardments were carried out and 1,700 tons of explosives as well as 1,000 tons of supplies were dropped. Had such a tonnage, namely 2,700 tons in all, been dropped on this country during the World War, then our casualties would have been 43,380 and not 4,820. If, since the Ethiopian War lasted approximately six months and the World War four years, we multiply the casualties by eight, then the total would be 347,040, that is, an average of 7,230 a month. As 1,000 and not 500 machines may easily be used against us, in spite of anti-aircraft defense, we may expect an average of between 400 and 500 casualties a day. To a disciplined nation these figures are by no means overwhelming but they are likely to prove catastrophic to an undisciplined one.

When we turn from physical effect —killing, wounding and destroying— to the terrifying moral effect of bombing, we obtain a totally different picture. For example, in 1916 there were thirteen different weeks in which the Cleveland area was flown over by hostile aircraft and seldom by more than a few machines at the time. The result of this was that the industrial output in that district was reduced by 390,000 tons, representing one-sixth of the annual output. Again, during September, 1917, the output in the works of one large clothing manufacturer dropped from 40,000 suits per factory to less than 5,000. And on September 30, 1917, when a raid on Kent, Essex and London killed only 14 people and injured only 38, the percentage of hands in the filling factories in Woolwich Arsenal fell by over 75 per cent; the output of rifle ammunition, normally 850,000 rounds, fell to nil, and of rifle grenade cartridges from 125,000 to 46,000. Even false alarms sometimes emptied entire workshops for twenty-four hours, and on one occasion the report of an airship off Scarborough had the effect of extinguishing lights at Bath and Gloucester. As these were the results of the insignificant and amateurish attacks of 1914–1918 what may we expect in the future if the same lack of discipline prevails? The answer is *complete industrial paralyzation.*

III

From the above figures we can gauge the tremendous power of air attacks to cripple industry by terrifying undisciplined workers. We can also examine the disastrous effects of raids upon the nerves of the masses of the people. By the middle of 1917, for example, the population of Margate had fallen from 30,000 to 16,000, 14,000 having fled the town. On September 24, 1917, a raid on London took place in which only 15 people were killed and 70 injured, nevertheless 100,000 people sought refuge in the tubes. On the following night another raid took place and 120,000

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people took cover in the tubes. These two raids caused such nervousness that, on the 26th and 27th, though no attacks were signaled or made, people began flocking into the tubes at 5:30 P.M. On February 16, 17 and 18, 1918, there occurred three raids in which 33 people were killed and 38 injured; nevertheless 300,000 persons sought refuge in the tubes.

Concerning these events Air-Commodore Charlton writes in *War Over England:* 'The foreign folk in the crowded East End district were singularly liable to an unreasoning panic, particularly the preponderating Jewish element. . . . In the shelter of the tube stations the distress of Jewish mothers and children was very difficult to soothe. They would scream loudly, tearing their clothes and beating their breasts, while old men amongst them would pluck hair from their beards in the fashion of the Scriptures. Too often, bands of young aliens belonging to neutral or allied countries, shedding every vestige of manhood, would behave like animals of the wild, sometimes brutally trampling people to death in a mad, insensate rush for safety.' Again, at suburban termini: 'Groups of people belonging to this super-added local population would behave distractedly, praying for deliverance in camp-meeting style and cursing loudly, with arms extended, the brilliant autumnal moon.' If a few tons of explosives led to such mad behavior, what will 3,000 tons lead to, or 30,000, which is not an impossible figure?

If the statistics I have quoted mean anything at all, surely it is that the moral effect of an air attack is incalculably greater than its physical effect. Consequently moral protection, that is to say discipline, is far more important in preventing panic than protection through retaliation. Though I do not wish to belittle the importance of being able to hit back, I believe that, when belligerents are in a position to do so, the deciding factor will be the moral steadfastness to endure bombardments—in other words, national discipline. The side which can the more surely scorn fear, laugh at danger and carry on with its daily work, and in consequence dislocate panic, is the side which will establish the more certain foundation of victory, for it will grant liberty of action to its forces of attack and counter-attack.

IV

When we look at this problem of national discipline from the political angle, there is no doubt in my own mind that the totalitarian Powers have an immense advantage over the democratic, because in time of peace their peoples are drilled and disciplined and their governments are far more immune from the disruptive influences of popular hysteria. For example, if we take two nations—Germany and France—we find that in the former national solidarity is placed before individual advantage, while in the latter personal liberty stands in the way of national discipline. If Germany should strike first, what would be the effect on the French? In spite of their being a brave people is it not probable that the nation will be swept by panic if Paris were to be heavily bombed? Even if the Government does not fall, it will be terribly shaken, and whatever retaliatory force is in readiness, launched as it will be by half-paralyzed politicians, is more

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likely than not to be half-paralyzed itself.

Now, reverse this picture and suppose that France strikes first, that Berlin is bombed and that thousands of people are killed and injured. As the German Government is autocratic it will at once master the situation and stimulate the discipline of the people by broadcasting what has taken place in such a way as to electrify every German heart. A message will be broadcast to every home, stating that a dastardly attack on the capital has been made, that whole streets have been demolished, yet the *morale* of the survivors is so superb that tens of thousands of Berliners—men, women, and children, sound and wounded—are standing on the ruins and shouting 'Heil Hitler!'

With this picture before us, and I believe it to be a true one, I will turn to the problem of defense and examine what we are doing today and what, in my opinion, we should do.

First, there can be no doubt whatsoever that our present preparations are almost entirely of a physical nature. We are building up a powerful air force so that we may be in a position to strike back. We are increasing and improving our anti-aircraft protection so that we may be better prepared to frustrate the striker. We are issuing gas masks and we are publishing mild instructions as to what the people should do when London and our other great cities are bombed. We have also established a number of local committees to examine the problem.

So far as they go these preparations are excellent; but how far do they go? From the point of view of establishing national discipline—and only through the discipline of the masses of the people can panic, *the object of air attack*, be frustrated—they do not touch even the fringe of the problem. What we do not realize is that the foundation of all effective physical action is *moral stability*, and as the accuracy of an arrow's flight is dependent upon the steadiness of the bow, so also does the directness of our power to retaliate depend upon the steadfastness of our people.

This is the fundamental problem in the air defense of London and all our great cities. Did such steadfastness exist in 1914–1918? No! This I have proved by quoting a few statistics. Does it exist today? No! And this is proved by the inability of the London police to control the underworld of the East End of the capital. For instance, on October 4, 1936, Sir Oswald Mosley was granted permission to march some 7,000 Fascists through the East End, and though 6,000 police were called out, that is, approximately one to each marcher, the Commissioner of Police called the march off, because he considered that were it held, he would be unable to maintain law and order. Though I am in no way concerned here with the political questions involved, it seems to me that if the largest forces of police ever assembled in the East End were unable to deal with a political demonstration, how much less likely is it that, in the event of an air attack on London, they will be able to deal with the frantic, terror-stricken mobs which will surge through the city. Replace 7,000 Fascists by 7,000 twenty-pound high explosive and incendiary bombs, that is, the load of no more than thirty bombing machines, and what will the police do and what will be the mental state of

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the Government when it has failed to accomplish the impossible?

Will retaliation, will anti-aircraft gunfire, will gas masks, committee meetings and mild instructions, left to the good-will of their readers to obey or not as they like, stay panic? Obviously not! Because our political system is such that it cannot enforce discipline. All it can do is either to surrender to mob violence or to meet violence by super-violence: in other words, to start a civil war in the middle of a foreign one! That this system will have to be changed is obvious. Yet there are no signs that any change is contemplated. Daily we are told that we are a free nation, which in another war means that we shall be free to indulge in panic and commit physical and moral suicide.

V

Setting aside any change in the political system, can we in any way in the circumstances which surround us mitigate such a calamity? I think we can, and so far as civil preparations are concerned, I will now examine what we should do under the three headings: (1) city organization; (2) organization of the people; and (3) action during attack.

As regards the first, every great city should be organized to prevent panic, to minimize casualties and to restrict fires, because the object of an air attack is to cause panic by means of threatening or destroying life and property. If life and property could be rendered absolutely secure, there would be no panic; but as such security is not possible, the prevention of panic remains the crucial problem.

Panic is a contagious emotion produced by sudden and overpowering fear, and is accompanied by unreasoning efforts to secure safety at any cost. The urge is to get away from the moment and the place; consequently, the first step in preventing it is to restrict movement. When in a state of panic people attempt to get away from danger, and as they realize that their houses are a frail protection against air bombs, their instinct of self-preservation urges them to seek securer shelters. This was the reason why tens of thousands rushed wildly and frantically for the tube stations during 1917–1918. It should be remembered, however, that the value of a shelter depends not only on its being bomb-proof, but also on its being situated in the immediate vicinity of those who seek refuge in it.

In the case of an attack on London, the time available between the alarm and the appearance of hostile machines has been calculated at between fifteen and twenty minutes. Therefore unless a shelter can be occupied within that time, it may prove to be a trap; because, should those rushing to gain it be caught in the open, not only will severe casualties be suffered, but panic will break all bounds, the mass of people becoming mad and reverting to the condition of infuriated beasts. As Air-Commodore Charlton informs us, during one of the raids on London, twenty-eight people, 'mostly women and children, were killed and injured, not by bombs but in a panic rush for cover.' As time in which to reach safety is far too short to enable more than a minute minority of the population to gain the security of tube stations, these most certainly should be closed. Most of them are situated on or close by main thoroughfares

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where large crowds can congregate, and the larger the crowd the more uncontrollable becomes the panic. Further still, during and immediately after an attack, the underground railway system is likely to prove the most certain means of moving police, rescue parties, etc., and therefore it should on no account be blocked by panic-stricken hordes. Where specially constructed shelters should be provided is under or in the immediate vicinity of large blocks of flats, tenements and factories—in short, for all buildings which hold large numbers of people and which can be closed and picketed when emptied.

When such refuges do not exist, people should remain in their houses, or, if they happen to be in the streets, they should enter the nearest house at hand; for though houses can be destroyed by bombs, they provide effective cover against flying fragments of masonry and pieces of exploded anti-aircraft shells. Even if their windows are shattered they offer at least some protection against lethal gas. In any case, people should be brought to understand that, unless a shelter can be occupied within a few minutes after an alarm has been sounded, the safest thing to do is to remain indoors and sit still.

When a soldier comes under fire he at once drops to the ground and takes such cover as he can find; he does not run about looking for it. The civil population must do likewise. Should their houses be hit they will in all probability be killed, but if they are caught in the open they will be slaughtered and certainly many will be trampled to death. 'When bombs drop, don't hop' should be their motto. If their houses are set on fire, however, they should leave them in as orderly a manner as possible and seek refuge in others in the immediate neighborhood.

To stop physical movement is not enough, for fear itself must also be restricted, so that reason may be maintained. In other words, people must be given something to do and something to think about; for if occupied they will cease brooding over danger. In this respect I consider that gas masks will prove a godsend, not that the enemy is more likely to use gas bombs than high explosive and incendiary (I am of opinion that he is not), but because they will give terror-stricken people something to do. In any case, once they are adjusted they will prevent their wearers from shrieking and moving freely, and if they half-suffocate their wearers, then panic will be half-suffocated in its turn. Anything that will keep the people occupied will prove a deterrent to panic, such as nailing wet blankets or sheets over the windows so as to render them more gas-tight.

VI

Besides these defensive measures, which are vital if panic is to be kept in bounds, the following are of considerable importance. First, all new buildings erected in our cities should be as fire-proof as possible, for I am persuaded that the main danger is to be expected from incendiary bombs. Not only is this precaution a war necessity but a peace necessity, because millions of pounds worth of property in this country is yearly destroyed by fire. The second is the distribution instead of the grouping of factories. In recent years many new plants have sprung

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up around London and they offer ideal targets for an attacker to strike at.

The third is of a different nature; it is the dividing of a city into what I will call 'panic-proof areas.' That is to say, each city should be divided into a number of districts which can be closed directly an alarm is sounded. The advantage of this is that, in the event of a certain district being bombed and a panic resulting, it can at once be cut off from neighboring districts and the panic segregated.

Turning to the organization of the people, it is obvious that their nervousness will be in proportion to their ignorance and lack of discipline. In this respect, we stand at an overwhelming disadvantage, for our army is small and our system of service voluntary. Unlike continental nations whose armies are on a conscript footing, we lack that flow of disciplined men which on the continent is yearly returned to civil life. While in France conscription provides a disciplinary backbone, in Germany, on account of the youth organizations and the labor battalions in addition to the defense services, the time is approaching when the entire nation will be disciplined, and in consequence the surest foundation laid not only against panic, but as the moral base from which the fullest retaliation can be launched. But with us, because of our crazy obsession regarding personal liberty, which in actual fact is mere license, we actually allow the cultivation of ill-discipline. We are, in fact, nationalizing defeat.

Can we overcome this suicidal disadvantage? It is too much to expect our Government to establish national discipline, because such action is impossible in a political system based on *laissez faire*. Nevertheless, I am of opinion that the disadvantage can be mitigated if the following plan is adopted, namely, to divide the entire population of each city into active and passive groups. The former would consist of patriotically-minded men and women who are willing to be instructed in air defense and to undergo training in its duties. These people would be organized in units in each panic-proof area; then, when a state of emergency is proclaimed or a sudden attack is made, each unit will be in readiness to reinforce the police, fire brigades, medical services and rescue parties.

The passive group, that is, the bulk of the population, should merely be asked to comply with orders which should be transmitted to them by means of loudspeakers fitted up in all streets and public places. In this way the whole of the moving population can be instantaneously advised. It should be realized, when danger threatens, that what the people want is the *comfort of authority*, and that before a calamity occurs a few brief and heartening instructions given in a firm and commanding voice will do more to allay panic than anything else. In such circumstances what the people look for is leadership, and in order to make the most of leadership a sense of followership must be cultivated. To inculcate this, periodical black-outs and air maneuvers should be held, so that the people can practice what they may one day be called upon to do. So far our Government, unlike most continental Governments, has shirked this duty, which is nothing more than a national 'boat drill' which may save many lives when the ship of State is on the rocks of war. The least that a Government can do

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is to see that every adult yearly receives a pamphlet about what to do in the event of air attack. A somewhat similar pamphlet in the simplest language should also be issued as a manual to all schools.

The municipal services—police, fire brigades, sanitary, postal and medical services, etc.—should be specially trained to meet an air attack. Furthermore, the active groups should as far as possible be affiliated with them so that, when an attack takes place, co-operation is possible. In such an event these services and groups will form armies of rescue which, directly an area is bombed, will set to work removing unexploded projectiles, extinguishing fires, evacuating the wounded and restoring confidence.

My third and last heading relates to measures during an attack. As time is short all steps taken must be such as can be effected within a maximum of twenty minutes. They should include the following: (1) Closing all entrances leading into underground railways and panic-proof areas;

(2) Suspension of telephone service except for messages of an official nature, so as to prevent the spreading of panic by word of mouth;

(3) Broadcasting to the public to clear the streets and take shelter in the nearest available houses;

(4) Broadcasting instructions as to what to do in the event of a gas attack, incendiary attack, etc.;

(5) Calling out all services required and all active groups, informing them what to do or to hold themselves in immediate readiness for action;

(6) Lastly, there should be continuous broadcasts to the people. The course of the raid, the action of the counter-attack, etc., should be described to them as if it were a race or a prize fight, so that their brains may be occupied and their thoughts distracted.

If these precautions are taken, and if the people have some idea of what to expect and what to do, though material damage and loss of life cannot be prevented, moral damage will be vastly reduced. And, it must be remembered, *moral damage is the object of an air attack.*

II. Invulnerable Berlin

By The Air Correspondent

From the *Sunday Times*, London Conservative Sunday Paper

THE Germans believe that Berlin can be protected completely from air attack. Their defenses are certainly the most complete and best organized that now exist.

The Germans base their claim to the invulnerability of Berlin on the perfect coördination of anti-aircraft guns, searchlights and fighting planes. From what I have seen I believe them.

The efficiency of their heavy 3½-inch anti-aircraft guns for use above 4,000 feet is equaled only by the speed with which they can bring their quick-firing 1½-inch guns into action against low-flying attackers.

Each battery of four heavy guns is controlled electrically by an elaborate monitor manned by ten experts who can instantly calculate the speed,

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height, drift, climb and even circular flight of a bombing formation, and within two or three seconds fire four 3.5-inch shells to the spot where the bombers will be if they continue to fly straight for ten seconds.

I was permitted to operate several sections of the mechanism and to work one of the guns, and the ease with which all the controls can be manipulated was a revelation. With unpleasant personal recollections of the efficiency of the German 'Archies' during the war, my conclusion was that if these modern guns live up to expectation, and there is effective collaboration with the searchlight battalions, Berlin has not much to fear from air attacks.

In Berlin there can be a full forty-five minutes' warning of machines crossing the nearest frontier, against the ten to twenty minutes which would be available in London after the raiders had crossed the coastline. The Germans, therefore, have sufficient time to carry out continuous attacks on the raiding machines.

In the last war Allied bombers never even approached Berlin. It is my belief, from what I have seen, that even modern bombers would find it difficult to make much impression on the German capital.

The Germans believe that all air defense weapons should come under one command, and at Döberitz the famous Richthofen fighter squadrons work in perfect harmony with a vast anti-aircraft park, which can surround Berlin with a protective screen of high explosives.

In the German squadrons the standard of individual and formation flying is on a par with the British. But the German fighting machines are rather less efficient. Several of the squadrons, instead of being equipped completely with one type of machine, have various types, mostly biplanes, and some of these are now almost obsolete.

The explanation, of course, is in the speed with which Germany has had to equip and expand her air force compared with the former Allied countries.

The squadrons each consist of about twelve machines, manned by officers and non-commissioned ranks, all of them young and enthusiastic, concerned only with how to destroy enemy bombers. Every point of tactics or feature of armament is eagerly absorbed and intelligently discussed.

Both among the students at the schools and in the squadrons the spirit is high and everything is done to encourage the tradition that was built up during the War. On the walls of the 'Richthofen Wing' at Döberitz are hung large portraits of the winners of the '*Pour-le-Mérite*,' the German Victoria Cross—Richthofen, Brelke, Voss and many others whose names are household words. As a reminder of this tradition even the door handles in the messes of the various units are made in the form of large disks embossed with the names of Germany's heroes in block letters.

The period of intensive training of German Air Force pilots is now over, and the gigantic organization that has been built up during the last three years is being adapted to the requirements of a permanent defense force.

The period of training of pilots under the new system will be two years, a considerable extension on the time allowed in bringing the force up to its present strength.

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Under the new scheme pilot officers and officers will undergo six months of intensive infantry training, so that when they qualify they will thoroughly understand the part the air arm will be expected to play in collaboration with the ground forces.

Infantry organization and tactics will be impressed upon these students, for the development of the military mind is of paramount importance in the German training. The German airman must become a soldier first. Afterward he will train as a flier.

For all types of pilots completely blind-flying experience is necessary before qualification. Unlike our training, the two years will not include advanced formation-flying and squadron tactics. These will be learned only after the graduated officer is posted to a wing.

I have spent a week visiting German squadrons, units and schools, and my constant impression has been the immensity and permanence of the organization that has been constructed.

The gigantic modern home of the 'Air Travel Ministry,' as it is known, the headquarters of all war and civil flying here, is typical of the hundreds of barracks and lecture theatres, schools and messes that have been built in the new camps. Everything is new, modern and artistic, but the keynote is simplicity combined with utility.

Work on new buildings is proceeding and within a few months the Germans will be able to house not only peace-time students but the complete staff for the defense of Berlin and Germany. To make the new buildings less vulnerable to attack from the air, they are hidden as much as possible in the pine woods that cover a great part of the countryside.

The enforcement of tradition to which I have referred and the memory of the victories in the War is in direct contrast to the policy pursued by the British Air Ministry. Even without the influence of General Göring (himself one of Germany's most famous fighters), the whole training of the staff and fighting personnel would be based on past experience. In the training, psychological factors play a considerable part.

From what I have seen this week it is obvious that there is arising a youthful force that is all the stronger because to the personnel the thirteen years of stagnation between 1919 and 1933 do not exist. Germany's future is linked directly with her last successes in early 1918.

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Two men and a girl devise a plan to escape the shadow of the Swastika.

Flight *to* Freedom

By VICTORIA WOLF

Translated from the *National-Zeitung*
Basel Liberal German-Language Daily

PEOPLE poured in through the wide station hall. They were full of early-morning energy, unaware and inconsiderate of each other. The fall sunshine which played across them and the freshness of the beginning day purified the station odor which was sensed rather than smelled.

A young man, who would not loosen his grip on two valises despite the offers of an insistent porter, strode up the stairs to the platform. It was not until he faced the empty track from which the Genoa Express was to leave thirty minutes hence that the feeling of insecurity which had disturbed him for days took hold of him again. He was ashamed to be so early, to have betrayed his excitement. Anyone would recognize him at once as a novice at traveling.

Fritz Bogner glanced up and down the almost deserted platform but nobody paid any attention to him. His features and clothes were thoroughly average. Who had time for him? Still, he did not feel reassured and began to walk up and down the platform carrying his luggage, going over the details of his trip for the hundredth time. When he noticed that more travelers had turned up he stopped short. Even in this open station might not someone be able to intercept his secret thoughts, which, after all, resembled electric waves? He was in an exposed place and he was about to embark upon a deed of great consequence. He fell into the all too human fallacy of regarding his own person, so important to himself, as of equal importance to others.

Fritz stepped up to a yellow bulletin board on which train arrivals and departures were listed and scrutinized numbers that were meaningless to him. As he scanned the columns of figures he realized that all his zest for the adventure had disappeared and that its place had been usurped by fear. He felt as though he had been knocked out in a boxing match. Tired, he soon abandoned the yellow time table and resumed walking up and

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down. It was ridiculous, waiting this way, like someone who is wearing white clothes in the rain. He longed for this train that was to carry him to freedom. Yet, when the train finally arrived, after more minutes of torture, he was frightened by the many faces at the windows.

He got aboard with the feeling that he was being carried away into desolate solitudes, though he was just emerging from the equally terrifying multitude of the unemployed. He found a seat in a crowded third-class compartment. It was an old Italian coach, narrow and uncomfortable. The other travelers had spread out possessively and received the stranger with hostile glances. He found room for his luggage and then posted himself at the window in the corridor though he knew that no one would come to bid him good-bye. Farewell greetings exchanged by others made him feel strangely superior and melancholy. He watched the others buy newspapers and sandwiches and waited. Life taught one to wait, no matter how inconvenient it might be.

Suddenly he blushed like a scolded school boy and his knees went weak. He wanted to get away from the window yet remained immovable, staring at the two who had sworn only yesterday that they would not come to the station. There they were, the man with his round unconcerned face, and the girl, with that restrained expression with which he was so familiar. So they had come, despite their oath. It was incredible, and yet he was deeply touched. This is real friendship, he thought. He felt hot and cold at the same time.

'Hello, old man,' the friend called in a voice that was as unconcerned as his appearance. 'We wanted to bring you something to eat.' Maria was holding up a big white bag that bulged with fruit. She gave him a curious veiled look. Were her eyes green or blue? He became warm and uneasy as he always did when she looked at him. What could he say besides 'thank you?' Glancing about, he saw that nobody was paying any attention to them. That fact and Maria's proximity did him good. His fear and anxiety of a while ago seemed to flow out of his body, and something like courage replaced it. Perhaps all their precautions had been silly. Perhaps the world was simpler and better than they had imagined and the dangers existed only in their minds.

'Good-bye, *auf frohes Wiedersehen.*' He called it louder than he would ordinarily have dared. 'I shall be waiting for you.' The fear that he had left behind now seemed to overcome the other two. Maria's eyes grew large and frightened and the friend, taking her by the arm and turning to leave, said, 'Well, my boy, good luck and *bon voyage!*' Then they left. Maria's skirt swelled out in the wind. What a radiant creature she was! He would rejoin them in three days. He wanted so much to make good. They would discover that in Genoa.

II

When the train finally moved, Fritz Bogner found it hard to believe that he was really on his way. He had lived in this city for three years without ever getting away. The first year he had been employed by a firm in which Maria was also working as typist. He had been fired to provide a job for a Party member. The follow-

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ing year he had spent as a salesman of cigars, gloves, stationery and perfume; the last and most desperate year he had been out of work. Could it be possible that a new life was opening to him, that it would begin with the moving of the train, that it was reality and not a dream as he had so often imagined in the last year?

The enforced idleness had sapped his energy and made him lose faith in humanity. Everywhere the Party number triumphed over ability, and to believe in democracy was almost a death sentence. He lived on his savings and could figure out how long they would last: one hundred and twenty days if he was thrifty and did not fall ill or die in the meantime. The only balm in his situation was that Maria was more kindly toward him than before.

He had loved this fair, gay and bright girl since he first saw her one evening on the stairway after office hours. He would never have thought that a single glance could be so decisive for him. That glance blotted out everything that went before and at the same time became a program for the future.

Maria remained aloof; in the beginning she mocked him but later on she used plain words. The one who does not love is always the superior.

Fritz Bogner did not give up. He believed that his strength lay in waiting. When Maria smiled at him in passing he felt rewarded. He changed his life to please Maria. She hated bourgeois virtues, bowling clubs and beerhall friends, and she was on the executive committee of a democratic club. Fritz Bogner joined this group too. Maria wanted to educate herself. So he attended night school. And on Fridays he took English lessons because she did.

It was at this English course that Maria met Paul Wiegler, stock-room manager with her own employers; and now what had happened to Fritz Bogner happened to her. The first glance was decisive. Paul won without ever having fought. And that was why Fritz did not give up. Like a shadow he followed the two. He had to remain near Maria. Even though there seemed no hope that she would ever love him he felt that he could not breathe without her. He clung to the ambiguous word friendship, in the hope that he might make himself indispensable through little services.

III

When the Revolution came all three of them were laid off at the same time. Their membership in the democratic club had put them under suspicion, and Paul, especially, was too outspoken. He remained unemployed from the very first day on.

Maria took to knitting and sold sweaters and caps. She also earned a little by acting as a guide to foreigners. She had a small inheritance and was able to help Paul by taking him into her own apartment. When Fritz had to look for new quarters, she made room for him also in exchange for small services.

This meant mending shoes, wringing out the laundry, and delivering her knitting occasionally, and these services were highlights in Fritz Bogner's life. He almost forgot his inability to earn anything. When he came to think of it, he was then more contented than ever, even though he was excess baggage.

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He was permitted to watch Maria prepare breakfast, straighten out the rooms and wash the laundry. Then he watched her prepare lunch and spend the afternoon, and sometimes he had discussions with her which lasted half the night. But then the door closed. He got used to lying sleepless at night, and to day-dreaming. Some day, perhaps, his reward would come.

Naturally, the three healthy young people were not satisfied simply to stay in their three little rooms and to figure out how long they could keep up their inexpensive life. They made plans and they lived only for these plans. Faith in a better future kept them alert, though they did not know where the future would take them. They could not stay here, where everything was drill, the Party and persecution. And beyond the border they would be faced by difficulties. Only South America seemed to promise the freedom to live and work for which they longed. There youth, energy and ability counted. But how was it possible to emigrate if only ten marks could be taken across the border? Life imprisonment was the punishment if one was caught smuggling money out of the country!

Maria, Paul and Fritz spent their days and much of their nights in trying to solve this problem. They wanted to get away; they had to get away; they were perishing here. But how?

They would still have three thousand marks left after the rail and steamship fares had been paid. Much could be done with three thousand marks, exchanged into Brazilian money. But how could they take their money across the border? Life imprisonment!

When their despair was deepest Fritz made a daring proposal. He had devised a way of smuggling the money across the border. It was really quite simple, he said. The important thing was that they should always remain together. The two men tossed a coin and Paul won. Now, with a steamship ticket to Rio de Janeiro and the money which belonged to all three of them, Fritz was actually on his way toward the frontier and the dream was beginning to materialize.

IV

The other travelers in the compartment were sleeping, reading, eating. They paid no attention to him and houses, hills and telegraph poles swept by outside. Everything seemed promising. Tomorrow Paul and Maria, penniless, would cross another border according to the plan. Within three days they would meet in Genoa in the Hotel Speranza. The name was almost a guarantee.

Once more he examined his plan. He would not carry the money with him when the customs examination took place. He would hide it in an empty first-class compartment. One part of the money would go behind the curtain; another would be stuck behind the picture on the wall; and finally he would hide some bills in a match box and throw it on the floor. After crossing the border he would regain their precious notes unnoticed. Whether his plan was good or bad, clever or stupid, worried him no longer. They had discussed it so extensively and so excitedly that clear judgment was no longer possible. The thing had to be done and that was that. In the long run life was a matter

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of luck and in a dream everyone was lucky.

With the assurance of a sleep walker he went to work a quarter of an hour before the border was to be reached. He found an empty first-class compartment and entered it unnoticed. Quickly he slid some smaller bills behind the curtain and two larger ones between the wall and the picture; then he looked out of the window in the corridor for a few minutes. When he returned to his compartment, he boldly threw the match box under his hard third-class seat and pretended to read like the others; but the print danced before his eyes.

Just inside the border, the customs official came and put his usual question about currency. Like all the others Fritz answered in the negative. He did not even have to show his wallet. The official, in a jovial mood, saluted, and left. The autumn sun still shone on the world and its queer inhabitants.

Fritz might have remained in his seat for some time full of wonder and pleasure at his successful maneuver; his harmless heroism had almost paralyzed him. But suddenly there was a commotion in the corridor. Some curious passengers in his compartment got up to look for the cause.

'They have caught a priest,' shouted a stranger. 'What a shame!' Everybody was now pushing toward the door and Fritz Bogner, because he did not want to be conspicuous, rose also. In the adjacent first-class compartment, where a few minutes ago he had hidden his money unobserved, next to *his* curtain and in front of *his* picture, sat a black-coated priest. It was obvious that he wasn't an ordinary priest but a dignitary, a prelate. The customs inspector stood in front of him waving the discovered bills menacingly in his face.

The priest protested his innocence. He had just entered. The money belonged to somebody else. He was merely going to the nearest station beyond the border to attend a convention. As he was returning that very evening he had no money or luggage with him.

'That's just what makes it look suspicious,' said the official. An ordinary traveler would have luggage. Would His Reverence deign to come along for examination? Nobody but he had been in the compartment. Who should be foolish enough to hide money behind a curtain? The bills would fly away as soon as the window was opened. No, an experienced customs inspector was not to be taken in so easily. His Reverence would have to think of a better excuse. He made way for the prelate and took him to the customs office.

V

Fritz Bogner stood at the window and watched the two leave. Something in him broke down, silently and in perfect order; yet he felt that it was gone forever. He did not yet know what to do. One had to be born a hero, he thought. Yet to try to escape like a coward was out of the question. Despite years of bitter trial his innate decency had not yet been buried.

What should he do? There was but one minute to think it over. Then he would have to decide. This was no longer a dream. Though his head refused to make a decision, his legs mechanically carried him to the first-class compartment, now vacant again.

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He looked behind the picture, found that the large bills were still there and put them back between picture and wall. 'They have only discovered the smallest amount,' he was thinking absent-mindedly. 'Five hundred marks are gone. He will get the maximum term of imprisonment; priests have no easy time nowadays.' While he pondered this in his mind, his feet carried him down the corridor and the steps and across the tracks.

A fresh breeze blew about him, and he filled his lungs with air. He did not know what to say, yet he knew that he must confess. In order not to obey any other mental warnings he almost ran the remaining distance to the customs office.

He flung open the door, panting and pushing his way through the crowd; a chair tumbled down and a sheaf of documents fell from the table.

'Let the priest go,' he shouted loudly to gain courage. 'I did it. I alone!'

'Do you know this man?' the inspector asked the priest without any sign of interest.

The priest shook his head and looked away hopelessly.

'Do you know Monsignor Sempani?' the inspector now turned to the young man.

'I don't know him, but I did it, I alone,' Fritz Bogner said, unaware of how good-natured and confused his words sounded.

'Why are you lying? The prelate has already confessed,' said the inspector, displaying no further interest in Fritz Bogner's presence. He picked up some documents and wrote.

'A crank, a religious crank,' one of the inspectors whispered audibly to the other.

'Confessed?' Dumbfounded, Fritz Bogner blurted it out, like a rejected suitor. Did no one want the truth? He shuffled out, in a complete daze, his head bent a little forward. He was tired and felt as though he had been whipped. 'Confessed?'

He had hardly returned to his compartment when the train moved. The other passengers discussed the incident for a while; then they told each other stories about other customs incidents they had either experienced themselves, or observed. Mechanically Fritz Bogner picked up the untouched match box from the floor; and after a while he went for the remaining money, still hidden behind the picture.

Never, in all his life had he felt so miserable. He understood neither the world nor the priest. Why was his confession so scornfully rejected and why had a stranger taken the blame for him? Or was the other's confession merely a bluff, intended to test him as well as the priest? And why did no one pay any attention to him? Maria, too, had never cared for him. He was too unimportant, good only for running petty errands. What was the reason? He retraced his little, unimportant life. Unable to solve his tangled problems, he got up and walked up and down the aisle as he had seen the others do. The present world of fellow-travelers was no longer interested in the incident; it had grown cool and aloof. No advice would come from that side. He was alone and lost.

In this moment he realized the solitude of the criminal, doomed to live alone with his deed. To bear this deed was harder by far than merely to commit it. Where should one begin to get rid of it? In the end one would have to scream, if there were no other way. He pondered and meditated,

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walked up and down the aisle, looked out into the landscape without noticing it. For the first time he had to decide things for himself instead of letting circumstances do it for him.

Suddenly he felt hungry and ate like a madman. He was glad that the autumn darkness came at an early hour. That was good for the mind. Another frontier was crossed, and strange speech reached his ear; he let everything pass by without interest. The faces in the compartment had changed without his noticing it.

'*Scusame, Signore,*' somebody in the corner said and took off his shoes. Fritz Bogner nodded and did likewise. Apparently everybody was preparing for the night. He leaned his head back, closed his eyes and was amazed when he awakened to realize that he had slept for many hours. Shreds of a dream were still in his mind but reality troubled him all the more. It was another half-hour to Genoa. Still another respite for reflection.

VI

Genoa. The noise of the big city depressed him. What a terrible accumulation of misery and noise and haste! Accompanied by the porter with his luggage he silently and quickly walked to his hotel, the Speranza, which lay near the harbor. Nobody in the big city was concerned with him. It made no difference how much money he had in his pocket and nobody was interested in the prelate Sempani who had confessed to a lie in the customs house. The world moved on inconsiderately.

His first errand led him to the office of the steamship company. There he bargained long and heatedly with a man of his own age. He explained that he was not permitted to make the trip because of his health; he asked that part of the price of the unused ticket be refunded. It was not easy to break the resistance. Suddenly, however, 2,000 lire in notes lay on the table in front of him and a long unintelligible form which was to be signed. Then he went into a pharmacy and a stationery store, with the assurance of a man who has made up his mind and who cannot be stopped by mere ignorance of a foreign language. When he came out, his gait was brisk, his arms had become light as if they had no weight of their own, and his body felt like steel under his suddenly well-fitting clothes. A strange exhilaration seemed to lift his mind into the clouds.

Unhesitatingly he stopped at a restaurant that had white tables out on the sidewalk. He sat down, asked the waiter to set two places and then, with the discrimination of a gourmet, he ordered for two. Not the slightest notion that this behavior was unusual disturbed him. During the meal he conversed with his imaginary *vis-à-vis* and it was not difficult to guess that it was Maria. He served her fish and roast and urged her strongly to eat while these good rare things were still obtainable. But Maria ate little and wondered. She even refused the beautiful fruit and as usual tolerated his playful pilfering of little bits from her plate. Thus it had once been, but then less extravagant things filled the plates while time itself had been more precious.

When he paid his bill, the waiter took the large sum of money silently and politely. From his expression Fritz Bogner saw that he approved of the farewell meal. Perhaps it was

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well that Maria was present merely in his imagination, otherwise this strange waiter might also have fallen in love with her.

Back at his hotel he took pen and ink up into his room, moved the table near the window and addressed three envelopes. He placed one on the other and his watch on top as a weight. Then he began to write.

The first letter was addressed to Maria. While he wrote he hoped that suddenly she would want to accept his love, now that she could have it no longer. That gave him a feeling of satisfaction and blissful superiority. He had emerged triumphant. The tone of his letter was easy and flowing; it showed a hint of wit, even of brilliance, qualities which had never been his before.

Reading the four pages he had written he felt that he had lived his life wrongly and that at last he realized how he should have lived it. But now it was too late. His only task was to prove his heroism once and for all. He enclosed the 2,000 lire he had received from the steamship company and closed the letter as naturally as if it contained something very ordinary; but he did add a graceful flourish to her name.

The second letter was addressed to Paul Wiegler. Here he adjusted his words to the tone he had always used with the friend of his beloved. He was sober, objective and businesslike in reporting his experience and proved conclusively that there was no other way out for him but death. He could not return to the old homeland; imprisonment was more cruel than death; and alone, without friends, he would not have the strength to hold out. What was left for him? He was acting with premeditation and without sentimentality. Only at the end he exclaimed a bit pathetically: 'Be happy with Maria! Do everything to make her life happy. Else my sacrifice is worthless.' In this letter he enclosed all the money he still possessed, except for a few lire.

VII

Before he began the third letter he lit a cigarette and wandered around the room as he had seen his boss do. This letter should contain everything in him that was noble. For, like a tocsin, this letter was not only meant to attract the attention of the customs officials at the border, and of the prelate Sempani, but also to sound all over the world. For once he would be listened to, for once his truthfulness would find attention, for once he would stand in the center of history.

Even though it cost his life. That this life meant nothing to him without Maria only those need know who were concerned. And he had told it to her. But his action in saving an innocent man, although his own guilt was based only on political circumstances, that should be known to those who had never paid attention to him. He repeated that to himself in a loud voice, because he felt his first zest leaving him. Yet he was frightened by the sound of his own voice in the small strange room. It would be better to write without rehearsing any more.

'Dear Sirs:—

'Yesterday afternoon at 3 o'clock I left the Genoa Express at the border station, walked into your customs office and declared: "I have hidden the money behind the curtain, I alone." Neither the inspector nor the officials present paid any attention to these

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words. Truth is a subtle thing; apparently not everybody is believed. Monsignor Sempani has even taken upon himself the blame and confessed to a deed he knew nothing about, in an extreme interpretation of his spiritual duties. Disturbed by the event I walked away and reflected how strongly I would have had to bring out the truth to be believed.

'Since I cannot return home, I choose another way out, equally effective. I take leave of this life. Is that sufficient? Enclosed you will find my passport which will give you all data. I am sorry to be unable to enclose my death certificate but the officials will not advance this document. Yet you may believe me when I say that I shall no longer be among the living when you will receive these lines. The sea is big and infinity is kind. I prefer to sentence myself and I know that my deed was a crime only because of circumstances.

'I beg of you to correct the error. Please express my thanks to Monsignor Sempani and give him my regards. He has done me a great service by his false confession.

'I remain forever,

Friedrich Bogner'

He read the letter, closed it tightly and carried it personally to the post office. There he registered it because he had enclosed his passport. Never in all his life had he spent so much money for postage.

Proud and unhappy he returned once more to the hotel and spoke to the padrone. That was not so simple since they did not speak the same language. Finally his meager knowledge of English came to his rescue, and so it was Maria again, through whom he had learnt this language, who helped him.

He paid for his room and explained that tomorrow a couple would arrive. He requested that his luggage and the letters be given to them and that they be well accommodated. He added that the day after tomorrow they would go abroad for good. Since they were going to a strange world a kind word from the good padrone on the last day would encourage them. Unfortunately he had to leave today and thus he was sending his regards.

The padrone promised to do his best and talked a little about South America. Fritz no longer listened. He broke away and walked rapidly along the quay to the old harbor and rented a boat from one of the fishermen. It was agreed that he should pay upon his return.

Fritz Bogner embarked and before he grasped the oars, fingered the cool bottle in his pocket. It was round and small. Out on the water he was going to empty it with one swallow and then glide into the water. In that way it would be over quickly and painlessly. Nobody would find him.

He watched the fisherman push off the boat and then he dipped the oars deep into the dirty grayish water. Out there all would be clean.

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Persons and Personages

Karl Radek

By Arved Arenstam

Translated from the *Pester Lloyd*, Budapest German-Language Daily

I MET Karl Radek at the Disarmament Conference in 1932 and for several months I talked with him every day. The notes which I took of our many conversations are now particularly timely. Radek's mind was a veritable arsenal of *bon mots*, of darts and shafts which were often deadlier than bullets. The famous revolutionary, who incited the masses of many countries and organized the great general strike in Switzerland at the end of the War, was himself never behind the barricades. He waged war with intellectual weapons only. He characterized himself as a 'harmless armchair scholar;' but were the world to harbor many such 'harmless' scholars, it would long since have gone up in the flames of social revolution. Radek was the Soviet leader who best personified the popular ideas of 'World Revolution,' 'Cheka,' 'Civil War' and 'Bolshevism.' He stood out beside Krassin, Sokolnikov, Lunacharski, Chitcherin and Krestinski. Those gentlemen might easily have been taken for Czarist Ministers or ambassadors! But Radek wore a wild mane of hair and an extraordinary frame of whiskers around his clean-shaven face. His attire was completely unconventional and he carried the eternal pipe in his mouth. Short puttees and a great-coat of field gray were his attire in the imposing halls of the League of Nations. There was always a wad of English and German papers under his arm.

Karl Radek spoke Russian poorly. I don't know whether his mother tongue was Polish or Yiddish; at any rate he came from the small Galician town of Tarnopol, where his father, Mr. Sobelsohn, was an engineer. He recalled his childhood with great humor: how his mother broke into tears when a policeman dragged the fifteen-year-old Karl home because he had participated in a demonstration against the Emperor Francis Joseph. Old Sobelsohn was anything but a revolutionary. He was a law-abiding bourgeois who piously went to the synagogue on Saturdays; he scolded his offspring and forbade him once and for all to meddle in politics.

Karl Radek was far from being a diplomat. He was accustomed to express his opinion as bluntly as he did at the trial. He never kept his sympathies and antipathies for foreign States a secret. He loathed Switzerland, with whose prisons he was so familiar; the beautiful coun-

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try with its kind people was a 'paradise of chocolate and cheese manufacturers' to which the 'trembling world bourgeoisie will retire as to a sanitarium, as soon as the trumpets of our victory shall announce the downfall of capitalism. . . .' He did not care much for the French, whose language he did not understand; he had a curious respect for the English although he distrusted them; he laughed at the Austrians.

His silent devotion, however, belonged to Germany. That may sound strange, yet it is quite true and it can be confirmed from this trial. Radek spoke German better than Russian and he had a profound knowledge of German literature. He was impressed, above all, by German military genius. I often noticed that he had a great weakness for German generals. I recall that he frequently designated the late General von Seeckt as one of the greatest living political personalities and once added: 'Seeckt and his Reichswehr—we shall hear of them again some day.' He boasted of the German Reichswehr generals, some of whom were his friends, some his bitter enemies. Once he remarked that he could not converse with anybody as interestingly as with a real Prussian general. The more Prussian the better.

Radek loved intellectual battles, polemics, the play of words; he delighted in letting off one of his arrows and he hated nothing more than stupid people. Sometimes he fought his enemies with the lowest means, but he did not hate them. He placed himself above the struggle between policies and parties; he was more interested in the battle as such, in its form, its method—the cause itself seemed less important. At Geneva he loved to seek out the bitterest enemies of Bolshevism; a day when he met a new one was a red-letter day for him. An opponent who fell under his claws—his 'intellectual claws'—could not escape from the labyrinth of his arguments. In argument he literally knocked out his adversary, and the best-known journalists and statesmen emerged completely exhausted from such an encounter with Radek.

He used to quote a Russian saying: 'I would sacrifice my father for an epigram.' He was the greatest cynic I have ever encountered. At a dinner given by an aristocratic club in honor of Litvinov—it was in the boom days of salon Bolshevism—I was seated next to Radek. After each sentence of Litvinov's toast the countesses and baronesses present applauded wildly, giving Radek a chance to make biting remarks.

He could give a complete picture of a diplomat, a politician or a writer in a few strokes. 'Dzershinski,' he said, 'lies on the couch with a hot-water bottle, whispers and plays with a canary. Why is the bourgeoisie so afraid of him?' The little anecdotes which Radek used to tell were famous. Together with Lenin he traveled in the famous sealed train through Germany. In Stockholm, Lenin was wearing torn shoes but nobody could persuade him to buy new ones. Madame Krupskaya

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finally gave up trying to change his mind and was willing to let him defeat Kerenski with torn shoes. 'I was of the opinion that it took good shoes to make a revolution. At night I stole out, removed Lenin's shoes, hid them and bought a new pair the next morning. I put them in front of his door. Lenin did not recognize the difference and died ignorant of the fact that I had presented him with a pair of shoes.' One day there was talk of the Red Terror and Radek defended the mass executions in the following manner: 'The Whites wanted to regain the power to hang us. But we didn't want to hang and therefore there was only one means of preventing it: to hang the others. That we did and now everybody is angry with us because we have not been hanged.'

As proved at the trial, Radek deceived and lied to the whole world. When he was writing his vindictive pamphlets against Zinoviev and Kamenev he knew that he was one of them. He negotiated with the Germans at the same time that he toasted the Franco-Soviet friendship at banquets; and after Poincaré's death he wrote a warm poetical obituary for the great statesman whom he had always despised and abused. Between periods of sarcasm and cynicism he sometimes was fond of escaping into sentimental regions. At Geneva I asked him why he had cut off his beard and he answered: 'The beard is merely for my little daughter to play with. Here at Geneva I don't need it.'

He recounted that during his exile in Siberia—he was exiled during the first 'purge' of the Party—he was so poor that he had to sell his library to support his wife and child. When I questioned him about his wife he answered: 'She is not the sister of Rathenau as the yellow press says, but a simple little Jewess!'

The most cynical joke which he told was about an old Jew who was led to his death through the woods by a group of Red soldiers. 'Alas and alack!' groaned the Jew. 'I shall never be able to go through with this, never, never!' 'Would you believe me,' Radek added, 'he did go through with it after all!'

What good jokes the cynical Radek must be making about his own fate!

Pierre Viénot

By Max Werner

Translated from the *Neue Weltbühne*, Prague German Émigré Weekly

DURING the recent Moroccan crisis, while Foreign Minister Yvon Delbos was away, a young Under-Secretary of State managed the French Foreign Office. It was he who served France's first vehement

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warning on the Third Reich. He proved that French foreign policy could be supported by vigorous action. After first conferring with high military officials Viénot ordered a naval concentration which considerably annoyed the German bigwigs. For the brief hours of his discussion with François-Poncet Hitler was converted to pacifism.

In the old Chamber, the forceful and high-principled Viénot was considered one of its outstanding experts on foreign affairs; his speeches in the Foreign Committee always carried weight. The general public, however, knew little of him, for he is neither a busybody nor a publicity seeker. Léon Blum, who holds a high opinion of Viénot, took him into his Cabinet; together with Georges Monnet and Jean Zay he is one of the youngest members of the Government. He has charge of the French Mandates and Protectorates and on the occasion of the Syrian Independence Treaty he emerged as a clever negotiator. In well-informed circles he is regarded as the man who will replace Delbos as Foreign Minister in the event of a reorganization of the Cabinet. In the Moroccan Crisis the Left unanimously supported him while he was attacked by the Right. It seems that he will not escape bitter political struggles.

Viénot does not belong to the old school in foreign policy; he is a pupil of neither Delcassé nor of Barthou. He is a man of the Popular Front, standing to the left of the Radical Socialists. In the old Chamber he belonged to the small Parti Socialiste Français which was headed by Maxence Bibié and which formed the Union Socialiste Republicaine together with the Republican Socialists and the Neo-Socialists. He was close to the Young Radicals, who were led by Pierre Cot and Jacques Kayser, and who stood for the most progressive French foreign policy.

From 1930 to 1933 this circle exercised a strong influence on the older statesmen—on Paul-Boncour, Daladier and Herriot. Germany under Brüning, unfortunately, had no counterparts to these courageous and realistic young intellectuals. The German Left, vitiated by Brüning's tolerant policy, permitted him to run German foreign policy up a blind alley. That was the last real chance for a Franco-German rapprochement.

The Young Radicals demanded far-reaching Franco-German economic coöperation within the framework of a European policy of democracy, and they demanded disarmament. Viénot, working in the same direction, was regarded as one of the best authorities on Germany in the French Left. In 1932 he wrote an excellent little book, *Les Incertitudes Allemandes*, which dealt with Germany's intellectual and political crisis. He vividly described the mental instability of the nation on the eve of Hitler's victory. It should not be forgotten that as late as March, 1933, Pierre Cot, in his capacity as French delegate to the Disarmament Conference, still gave hope of radical disarmament on the part of France. The National Socialist Revolution smashed all these possibilities.

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Slowly the French Left readjusted itself. For a long time Viénot supported the idea of 'organized peace' in contrast to 'armed peace.' He opposed Barthou's foreign policy and in the Doumergue Cabinet gave up his mandate as France's representative on the Disarmament Conference. If Viénot now has joined the so-called activists in foreign policy, this development is significant of the best elements of the Left—those which have a European point of view. Formerly they took seriously the idea of collective security and thus they now demand active resistance against the war-mongering dictators. Pierre Cot, champion of a European peace policy, has become a military expert of the first rank; as Aviation Minister he is reforming the French air arm. Jacques Kayser, the other leader of the Young Radicals during the days of the Moroccan Crisis, has demanded in *L'Oeuvre* that France adopt a positive policy of resistance against German conquest in Spain and Morocco.

Viénot's début as one of the leaders at the Quai d'Orsay indicates new possibilities in the foreign field. Viénot quickly moved away from Delbos in the Spanish question; at Geneva, where he represented France in the League of Nations Council, he characterized the non-intervention policy as conditional and dependent upon the attitude of the other powers, a view that the Right deeply resented. Now he has again proved that the course of Foreign Minister Delbos does not represent the last word in France's foreign policy. The warning to Hitler which France voiced through Viénot was important because it drew lines clearly. Viénot has been almost unanimously supported by the Left, even by moderates like Mandel and Pertinax who put the French policy of security uppermost. He is being opposed by the Rightist press of various shades, with the notorious *Gringoire* taking the lead; lined up against him also are Laval's friends in the ranks of big capital. It may be that in the near future Léon Blum will have to define his foreign policy more clearly and make a choice between Delbos and Viénot.

Queen of the Geishas

Translated from the *Jour*, Beyrouth French-Language Daily

THE geisha girls of Japan are famed throughout the world and the most celebrated among them is Katsutaro. She is Queen of the Japanese 'Blues' singers.

Katsutaro's rise from obscurity to fame is like a fairy tale. Some years ago she danced and sang as an entertainer in the little city of Niigata. She had a fine voice but only the patrons of the establishment where she

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appeared and her fellow-entertainers were aware of it. Today her name and voice are know from the frozen plains of Manchukuo to the fragrant shores of Nippon's islands in the Tropical Seas. Katsutaro is no longer a geisha, strictly speaking, but she is always considered to be one.

An actor who happened to stop overnight in Niigata was invited to while away his evening by witnessing the performance in which Katsutaro appeared. He was astonished at the exceptional quality of her voice and suggested that she come at once to Tokyo to learn how it would record for the phonograph.

Katsutaro came to Tokyo. Her first record, which bore the title of *Shia-no Mosume*, or *The Virgin of the Isles*, was an immediate success. She was deluged with offers from the radio and entertainment world and in an amazingly short time became the idol of the Japanese public. The sale of her first record went beyond the half-million mark, the highest ever reached in the Empire. And since nearly every phonograph owner has purchased *The Virgin of the Isles*, estimates as to the number of phonographs in Japan are based on the sales of that record.

Any new recording that Katsutaro makes is assured of an enormous sale; when she sings on the radio her countrymen tune in wherever they may be, even in California and Hawaii.

I went to interview the great geisha at the Nabuki-za Theater, one of the finest in Tokyo, where she was appearing every evening with the celebrated actor Uzameon. She received me most graciously in her dressing-room. She is less than five feet tall and charms one not so much by her beauty, which is not striking, as by her magnetic personality, radiant smile and unaffected laughter.

And yet, despite this description of her, her melodies are for the most part sad both in sense and presentation. I suspected that this was because her early life had scarcely been paved with roses.

So I asked: 'Tell me something about your life. I would like you to begin at the beginning and describe your career right up to the present.'

To my surprise, Katsutaro replied:—

'My life has been very happy since childhood. I was fortunate in having parents who were very kind to me and who were familiar with the opportunities of the geisha profession. I was taught to sing while still very young. I loved the singing and dancing of the geishas and that made everything easy for me.'

I knew, of course, that she had passed rather too lightly over her difficulties. One of her recent successes on the radio is a song entitled *Katsutaro's Lullaby*. It is the melancholy story of a young geisha who has to separate from her husband. Her baby is given to her husband's parents because she is too poor to care for it. After some years the geisha-

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mother becomes famous for her recordings for the phonograph and is able to recover her son and bring him up in luxury. Katsutaro sings this lullaby with an emotional intensity that could only come from her heart. Nor is this surprising because, from what I have learned since, the story of the *Lullaby* follows rather faithfully the events of her own life. She has a son who is now fourteen years old, but the geisha has taken care of him alone since she separated from her husband. She now spends all her week-ends with the boy.

My next question dealt with her favorite pastime.

'I have many,' she replied with a smile. 'I like society, swimming, Western music and so many other things. But I like traveling best of all. Whenever I am free for a few hours, I get away from the city. I dislike staying indoors.

'Just now I am planning a trip to the United States. Then I shall go to Europe. I can't tell you how much pleasure I get from the mere anticipation of this marvelous journey.'

Changing the subject, I asked Katsutaro how she trained her voice.

'I have no vocal secrets,' she told me. 'My only precaution is that I never "run over" my songs before the performance. I believe that last minute rehearsal does more harm than good because it dulls the singer's inspiration.

'I am now studying Western music and I like it very much. While I am still just a beginner I am sure that in time I shall succeed in learning its essentials. I shall then be able to incorporate some of the best elements of your music into purely Japanese compositions. In time I believe that it will be possible to make our Japanese songs known to the Occident, just as Western songs are now being appreciated in Japan.'

One peculiarity about Katsutaro's voice that is common to the geishas is a surprising lack of volume. It seems that from times immemorial the Japanese have sought to cultivate smoothness and delicate inflections in their singing as well as in their speech. Mere volume is not greatly appreciated.

Soviet Agents

By René de Gruyth

Translated from the *Nacion*, Buenos Aires Conservative Daily

THE Leftist cause in Spain is being directed by a sort of Russian triumvirate. Three advisers from Soviet Russia hold the reins. The best known among them is Marcel Rosenberg, the Soviet Ambassador, who

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demonstrated that he was a master of propaganda during his long stay at Geneva. [*Mr. Rosenberg was recently recalled.* THE EDITORS]

Another of the Russians, Antonov-Ovseyenko, is officially the Soviet Consul General at Barcelona. Actually he is the political and military adviser of the Catalan Government. He is one of the last survivors of the group that engineered the *coup d'état* of November, 1917, in which he aided Trotski in the attack upon the Winter Palace. In Spain his mission is three-fold: to prepare naval bases on the northeastern coast of Spain for the Soviet Navy, to aid the Catalan Government in its Bolshevik experiments and to convert the anarchist Catalans to the Communist cause. For many years he was the Soviet representative in Prague, and after that in Kovno. Because of his humble origin and simple tastes, Antonov-Ovseyenko serves as a model of Communist virtue for the rigorous Catalans.

A very different sort of man in character and temperament is the third member of the triumvirate. Corps-Commander General Gorev, alias Rose, alias Wolff, alias Skobolevski, is nominally a military adviser of the Spanish Government. In reality he is the unofficial, unobtrusive and unsung chief of all the military forces that the Valencia Government has at its command. It is he who can best claim the credit for having repelled the attacks of Franco and Mola on Madrid and Saragossa. Like Galen-Blücher in the Far East, he is a great specialist—a specialist in revolts and wars abroad. His is an extraordinary profession, but one that is highly regarded in Moscow. Let us examine this Gorev's background.

Among the nobles who accompanied Godfrey de Bouillon in his crusade to recover the Holy Sepulchre from the Infidel was a certain Ruprecht. Ruprecht was the progenitor of the von Roses, a Russian family of Baltic origin which for centuries has had a marked predilection for the profession of arms. Many of its members reached the hierarchy of generals in the Imperial Russian Army.

The present director of the Spanish Leftist armies comes from this very aristocratic family. He was born in 1892 and, although quite young at the outbreak of the World War, he received many decorations. He was a fine officer and had a passion for his career. In spite of his origin, he turned in 1917, not to the Whites but to the Reds, and became one of the most highly regarded officers in the Soviet army. In the fighting around Kazan, he commanded a regiment of infantry, and he is reputed to have routed a White division; near Kursk, once more at the head of a small detachment, he defeated vastly superior forces. These deeds won him fame in the Red army and his military prowess became something of a legend. It was not von Rose who was acclaimed, however, but Comrade Gorev, the name which he had adopted after the Revolution.

Kronstadt is the next significant step in the career of Rose-Gorev.

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In 1921 the Bolshevik Government was in difficulties. There was disaffection in many quarters. Late in the year sailors of the Baltic fleet and the garrison at Kronstadt revolted and issued an ultimatum to Lenin. The Bolsheviks knew that they had to crush the revolt quickly before it led to a general uprising. The rebels fought off vastly superior forces for some time; then War Commissar Trotski sent Gorev with some 2,000 cadets of the new Bolshevik Officers School, all dressed in white, across the ice in a surprise attack. The stratagem was successful and Kronstadt was retaken. It cannot surprise us, then, that Gorev was promoted. He was made General of a Division and received a gold sword for his feat. Only eight persons in the vast Soviet Union have received this honor.

A short time after the Kronstadt affair it became evident that something was wrong with the young general. He showed signs of mental disturbances, the cause of which was the subject of considerable scandalous gossip. In any case he disappeared into a psychiatric clinic, where he remained until August, 1923. At that time, the Comintern anticipated a revolution in Germany and remembered the conqueror of Kronstadt. He was taken from the psychiatric clinic and sent to organize a Communist militia among the German workers.

Germany seemed to be ripe for a social upheaval. Seldom in history has there been such ruin. The mark was falling day by day, hour by hour. Poincaré was about to occupy the Ruhr. Separatist movements were threatening the Weimar Republic. Hitler's star was rising in Munich and plans were being made for the Beer Hall Putsch which was later to be celebrated as a holiday by the Third Reich. In all parts of Germany there were hunger riots.

The Comintern, guided by Zinoviev, thought the moment favorable to encourage revolution. Gorev was chosen because he was regarded as being not only an excellent strategist but also as being able to organize and direct the revolt. So he was sent to Germany, where he adopted the name of Genosse Skobolevski. His task was not an easy one. Although the Government had lost its authority, the Reichswehr, under General von Seeckt, was still loyal. This created an awkward situation, because the Reichswehr had been coöperating closely with the Soviet military authorities but not, of course, with the Comintern.

The German Communist Party elected a committee of six to 'direct' the revolution and the date was somewhat superstitiously set for November 7th, the anniversary of the Bolshevik Revolution. Skobolevski as the 'Master Mind' of the revolt was invested with the responsibility for devising the plan of campaign. The strategic scheme which he conceived was based on a triangle. For the time being the West would be left to the French, the Southern region to the Separatists and the East to the Poles. But the Communists were to seize and hold three 'nerve-centers:'

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Berlin, Hamburg and Leipzig. They were to coöperate with the bourgeois classes and a Popular Front Government responsible to Moscow was to be set up. Communist control was to be assured by the organization of hundreds of thousands of workers.

His plan was not, perhaps, as preposterous as it was called by several of the German revolutionaries. It was realistic, at least, since Skobolevski took practical difficulties into account. But he was never given an opportunity to prove its worth. A premature and bloody riot in Hamburg; that was all. The Berlin police arrested the owner of the place where the conspirators met. Although warned, Skobolevski did not seek safety at once and was arrested.

At his trial, which was not held until 1925, his real identity was not revealed. It was brought out only that Skobolevski was a Russian officer on vacation. His defense was simple: he was an artless Soviet citizen who had arrived in Germany the very same day of his arrest! He was found guilty of plotting the murder of high German officials, but his death sentence was commuted.

Moscow wanted to rescue Skobolevski at any cost. Stalin, although not yet dictator, already dominated the Communist Party. He wrote personally to the German Chancellor. He explained that the prisoner was one of his intimate friends and that he had rendered important services to the Reichswehr in connection with the secret manufacture of military equipment that was to be smuggled into Germany. Skobolevski finally obtained his liberty in 1926, in exchange for fourteen Germans who had been incarcerated in Russian prisons.

He returned to Russia bitterly disillusioned and very ill. Again he disappeared into the sanatorium, and it was even thought that his death was imminent. But the Russian doctors evidently knew of a cure for his disease, because Gorev left the clinic sound in body and mind some months later. During the next six years he worked on problems affecting the organization of the Soviet Army. He was biding his time.

At last, in 1932, he was given a mission of responsibility—the winning of Chinese Turkestan, or Sinkiang, to Communism. In this he succeeded brilliantly and remained to rule with virtually dictatorial powers until 1936. During these years he devoted himself to the task of bringing civilization to the savage land.

Then came the civil war in Spain and Gorev's greatest opportunity. At Madrid his rôle is behind the scenes and for that reason his name does not appear in the news. Thus far he has done well in stiffening the resistance of the hastily trained Leftist forces. While matching his strategy against that of Franco's German advisers, this ambitious man remembers his bitter downfall at Berlin in 1923. What a satisfying revenge will be his if he succeeds in beating the Germans in Spain!

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Vildrac, the well-known French poet and dramatist, comments on the Russian drama, and a member of Moscow's 'intelligentsia' tells of his missionary task among worker-comrades.

After Work *in* Moscow

I. The Soviet Theater

By Charles Vildrac

Translated from *Lu*, Paris Topical Weekly

RUSSIA loves and has always loved the theater and one has no hesitation in saying that she has the finest stage personnel in the world with her incomparable actors, decorators and producers. Nowhere else do producers have so much talent at their disposal or attain such perfect results as at Moscow.

Only one shadow falls across this picture, but it is important: Russian literature, which is so rich in novelists, numbers very few dramatists of consequence and, with rare exceptions, the Revolution does not appear to have given much impetus to worthwhile dramatic creation.

Retaining from the old repertory only plays which criticized the Czarist régime or bourgeois society, the Soviet dramatists must employ the ideology which they profess to serve in the theater of propaganda, which, by definition, is bad theater. Their best productions in this genre have been stories or episodes recalling the revolutionary epoch. More often than not these have been destitute of plot and resembled nothing so much as a series of frescoes.

Their educational plays suffer from the fundamental weakness of all art which sets out to prove or to preach and which submits to political control. True art does not preach. It merely depicts, and it is only through the power and truth of its expression that it either denounces or exalts what it depicts.

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Too many of the characters in the Soviet theater are bad boys, rebels and other sinners, who are suddenly redeemed by Communist grace, without the author's having taken the trouble to establish a satisfactory psychological basis for the conversion. And unless the spectator is very naïve he can always pick out in the first act the engineer who will confess himself guilty of sabotage in the last, as well as the drunkard, the thief and the loafer who will turn out to be crack workers of the Shock Brigade. And it is always easy to forecast that the prostitute will in the last act win the Order of Lenin.

Certainly such characters exist in real life in the astonishing Russia of today; but that is all the more reason to regret that in the theater they become so puerile and conventional. It is also regrettable that the social theme in Soviet plays is so seldom or so badly based upon the element of conflict. In Russia, more than elsewhere, dramatic action must be dovetailed into the new political and social order and into contemporary events. Yet, if his work is to have any real value, the dramatist, like the novelist, ought above all to devote his attention to the permanent factors in the make-up of human beings.

The Soviet citizen is not exclusively a builder of the Socialist order. He may be a father, a friend, a lover; he may be greedy or generous, weak or strong. He is a man who vies with other men. I certainly believe that art should do its share toward developing the mind; but I believe that above all else art should help man to discover the highest expression of himself and that it should bring poetry and beauty within his reach. We hope that the Russians will realize soon that the social significance of the theater depends first and foremost on human interest and on essentially dramatic values.

As a matter of fact the Soviet theater is by no means limited to propagandist plays. It also includes the masterpieces of all ages and all countries. I have enjoyed excellent performances of the works of Shakespeare, Racine, Beaumarchais and Gogol; and all the great Russian and foreign operas are included in the Soviet operatic repertory.

But, coming back to the dramatic theater, one may justly complain that the producers too often choose works of mediocre quality simply because they give them an opportunity to display their inventive genius, to apply their formula. They assume that the quality of a performance depends solely on the way in which it is staged. The play, to them, is only a pretext and they subject it to whatever alteration or distortion that suggests itself to them.

In view of this, it is not surprising that *La Dame aux Camelias* and the insignificant operettas of Lecoq have been exhumed in the land of the Revolution rather than in some small French town.

In spite of its weaknesses and in spite of the restrictions which are placed on it, the Soviet theater is always charming and, in some strange way, stirring. In at least one respect it is superior to our own—it is never sordid.

If the young Russian dramatists concern themselves too little with the portrayal of their characters, the actors excel in presenting types with admirable fidelity. Their caricatures,

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especially, have an irresistible flavor. Perhaps this is why the most unpretentious and ill-constructed play has freshness.

Finally, it is worthy of note that the Russian theater is generally cheerful. Comedy and humor have never been deprived of their rights, even in the propaganda play and revolutionary drama.

II. I Teach the Workers

By P. Oreshkin

Translated from the *Izvestia*, Moscow Official Communist Party Daily

In my little note-book are the names of eighteen men and women. Once a week I meet with them to discuss their own problems and to interest them in a thousand and one things they have never heard of—in literature, science, art, politics and so on. About two-and-a-half years ago they came to Moscow from the distant wilderness of Mordovia and settled down in Barrack No. 5, which is a short distance from the Timiryazev Academy. I first visited them in their barrack one wet September evening soon after the Party Committee had assigned me to them in the capacity of a political instructor. I was to help them, talk to them and generally educate them.

Well, the instructor's profession is an honorable one. The old Bolsheviks had practiced it among the working people and their perilous work played an important part in building the Socialist society we have today. Now we work in an entirely different atmosphere, as the instructor's work is carried on openly, under the auspices of the Government. But this takes nothing away from its value, and we still feel the same satisfaction when we have succeeded in planting the seeds of culture and of Stalin's ideals in eager but untaught minds.

Some of the eighteen were doing construction work on Meyerhold's theater; two of these were women. One man was a fireman and two other women worked at the Svoboda factory. They had brought from their villages all their provincial superstitions and customs as well as the villager's distrust of strangers.

Somehow I had to find a way of reaching these people. I realized at once that the surest way of failing was to begin with political problems. That would immediately alienate them. Very well, my friends, I decided, we'll start with small things, things that are part of your everyday life! I saw that all eighteen of them lived in an enormous hall which was partitioned off into several rooms, each occupied by a small family. These were crowded quarters, no question about it. But need they have been quite as dirty and uncomfortable? I saw a log lying in the middle of the hall. People passed it, and sometimes stumbled over it, day after day and no one ever did anything about it. I also noticed that their wash had been hung up to dry right in the middle of the hall.

'There's nothing for you to do here,' said one unfriendly fellow.

I smiled: 'Really, nothing to do?'

In a leisurely way I became acquainted with all the occupants of

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Barrack No. 5. Little by little, without offending them by my curiosity, I found out how they lived before they came here and what were their interests and ambitions. That is the main thing in our work—to know everything about our 'wards.'

Their stories were common ones. Of course none of them had any education. There had been no time for it. Take Nikolai Varfolomeyev. He is twenty-five years old and has been working since he was nine. His father was killed during the civil war. He and his two younger sisters were brought up by their mother, who had somehow managed to support them. Nikolai had worked as a field hand from early age. The case of Vassiliï Boronin, who also lost his father during the civil war, is very similar.

My knowledge of their stories helped to bring me closer to them. But their coolness toward me disappeared only on my third or fourth visit. Once during our discussion someone made disparaging remarks about the 'white-collar' workers. So I seized the opportunity to talk about the close ties between Soviet peasants, workers and professionals.

They listened attentively. Somebody even asked to look at my hands to see if I had any callouses. They did not find any, but the incident gave me an opportunity to tell them the story of my own life. Only a few years back I had been a carpenter in a factory. Then I went to school. I finished my course at the Moscow Economic Institute and became an economist in the Gosplan (the State Planning Committee). Yesterday I was a worker, today I am a professional. And there are thousands like me. It is a part of the program. This gave them something to think about. Later I saw that they had begun to want to learn and to improve their position. At last we understood each other and became fast friends.

After a while I noticed that the wash was no longer hung out in the hall. The log was taken away and the whole barrack looked much cleaner and brighter. Its tenants became accustomed to my weekly visits, and they actually scrubbed the floors on the days when I was expected to come. Now it's habit with them. Once I came earlier than usual and found the comrades busy washing the floor. They were very much embarrassed. They feared that I would think that it was done for me, which, of course, was no longer the case.

II

I prepare myself very carefully for every discussion. On my way to the barrack I know what we are going to discuss. I have with me a bundle of newspapers. Before I begin our little forum I try to determine the mood of my listeners, to discover whether they are tired, whether they had time to eat and rest after their work, and what progress was being made on the construction job. If I see that they are tired, I begin with some lighter subject, perhaps reading aloud a short story or a newspaper article. They usually enjoy listening. They brighten up and begin to show animation. Then we pass on to more serious things.

What do we talk about? Too many things to describe. I used to tell them about the more vivid episodes from the history of the Party, and about incidents from lives of Lenin and Stalin. Later I talked about our

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achievements in industry and about Stakhanovism. We have discussed Fascism, Trotskiism and the latest news from Spain. During the last few months no discussion passed without some mention of the Constitution.

Once I said to my 'wards:' 'Every Soviet citizen should know the Constitution by heart.' A week passed. At our next meeting one of the comrades asked me a question about the text of Article 123. I opened the book to consult the text but was stopped by a unanimous shout of 'A Soviet citizen should know his Constitution by heart!' Whereupon they recited Article 123! It seems that my words were taken literally and a few had actually learned some parts by heart.

A perfunctory or officious attitude can spoil everything. I know of political instructors who begin their discussion without waiting for latecomers, who hurry, speak dryly and uninterestingly and try to cover up their deficiencies with gestures and unnecessary emotionalism. After lecturing for half-an-hour or sometimes even an hour such an instructor demands: 'Any questions?' Of course there would not be any questions, and he would go home confident that he was doing his job well.

His opinion, however, would not be shared by the workers.

'There's a windbag for you,' they would comment. 'Had his say and off on his way!'

And nothing will persuade them to come to listen to that instructor again.

It seems to me that it is essential in our work to grasp at the least signs of curiosity in any field and to build on them. Once after a talk about current international affairs I promised to bring them a map of the world. The next time I came to the barrack I had it with me. I spread it on the table under the curious stares of the comrades, explaining as I did so that all the countries of Europe could be found on this map. A chorus of derisive laughter greeted my words. Somewhat puzzled I asked what was the reason for this unexpected merriment. My friends, hardly able to keep their faces straight, explained to me that what amused them was the preposterous idea of getting all the mountains, seas and rivers onto this small piece of paper. I gave them an impromptu lesson in geography. And then I was showered by questions that had been suggested. 'How far is it from Moscow to Berlin?' 'How far to Madrid?' 'How many miles can a glider fly without grounding?'

A map is only one of the examples of the enormous usefulness of descriptive material. I also found that they showed a genuine liking for literature, and introduced systematic readings of stories, novels and books. I read to the workers Ostrovski's *The Making of a Hero*, Yanovski's *Horsemen*, Avdeenko's *I Love*, Furmanov's *Chapaev*, N. Virta's *Loneliness* and many others. They listened with bated breath, not daring to interrupt or even to cough during the reading. They loved it. But it was clear to me that preparation was necessary if my reading was to have the proper effectiveness. Not everyone can give a professional performance but the least an instructor can do is to read distinctly and expressively, and that requires a rehearsal before the 'public performance.'

After a while literature became a necessity and books began to appear

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of their own accord in the barrack. Once I was actually held prisoner and not allowed to go home at the usual time. We had continued to read until it was nearly two o'clock in the morning. The street cars had stopped running and I finally had to beg for mercy. 'Let me go, comrades,' I pleaded, 'or I shall never get home.' They counted six pages to the end of the chapter and said: 'Please, only this much more.'

Books, papers, maps, simple stories about life, work and revolutionary struggle had their effect. At one time evening courses were organized at the construction site. My pupils registered there. They spoke about it enthusiastically and had many good things to say about the teacher, whom they liked. That made me realize again how much good a skillful instructor can do. The teacher made the subject attractive for them and as a result they did not miss a single session. But apparently the men in charge were not particularly interested in the school and it closed after only two months.

That was the end of that first attempt at systematic schooling of my workers. However it had some results. Once at our meeting Vassia Boronin told me: 'Go on, ask me the multiplication table.'

'Why, did you learn it?'

'No, I didn't, but I want you to ask me anyhow!'

I asked him a few questions. He answered them correctly, after a mysterious consultation with his fingers. More questions brought more correct answers. But why did he have to use his fingers? My bewilderment was soon dispelled. He showed me his system of multiplication of simple numbers with the help of fingers. Although somewhat naïve in conception it gave him correct results, and, what is more important, Vassia discovered this improvised abacus by himself.

III

An instructor must, of course, enjoy complete confidence and respect. His prestige and efficiency depend on his complete honesty. He must be honest not only in explaining the Party policy but even in the most trivial things. If he isn't, he is certain to be found out.

I was once asked: 'How much coal is there in the Don Basin?' I was not prepared to answer this question and said as much, promising to find out for them. This frank admission saved me. It seems that the comrades had accidentally discovered the figures somewhere and decided to check up on me and see whether I really knew what I was talking about. And when I gave them the correct figure at the next meeting, they were quite satisfied. If I had thought that my position demanded that I should answer all questions immediately and had made a random guess they would never have trusted me again.

An instructor's usefulness also depends to a great extent on his attention to the needs of his listeners. Last year my group told me that they were being cheated out of their rightful wages. Officially, the instructor is not concerned with such matters. But I could not ignore such a serious complaint. I got in touch with the Comissar of their trade union and demanded his intervention. The cheating was stopped, and the men had been given new proof of my friendship.

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An instructor must be patient and tactful. Many times I heard heretical arguments from the tenants of Barrack No. 5; but I never permitted myself to interrupt them or to tell the speaker that he was a 'deviationist' or an 'opportunist' or something of that sort. His defective reasoning was the result of ignorance, a narrow mental outlook, or limited experience. Or he might have expressed himself unfortunately. Words like 'deviationist' or 'opportunist' would have had a bad effect on this person who as yet had much to learn. The best thing to do was to show him his mistake calmly and rationally—in short, to convince him.

A political instructor must love his job and consider it an honor to be entrusted with this work among the masses. Loving his job means thinking about it constantly, never missing a meeting and coming on time. During my work at Barrack No. 5, that is, from September, 1935, up to now, I was absent from my duty only three times. After each absence my group gave me a comradely reprimand. I had to offer documentary proof that my excuses were valid.

In a few days I shall again go to my barrack. My friends will greet me. Three of them are shock workers and four are Stakhanovites. In the beginning they used to tell me categorically: 'It is impossible for a man to do two norms.' Now they say: 'If we were given our head, we could do four norms.'

They will greet me with the usual query: 'What are we reading about tonight?' And the discussion will begin.

Atrocity in Prospect

Friends recently back from France tell me that they found a lot of scaffolding and wire netting round the windows of Chartres Cathedral and a remarkable notice stuck up inside. The notice pointed out that Chartres was one of the most beautiful of medieval cathedrals, and that its glorious windows would be smashed by the explosion of a bomb in the vicinity. It urged visitors to contribute to the cost of the mechanism that had been devised for moving the entire windows into safety at a minute's notice. My friends also noticed that in the plain, within a mile or so of the Cathedral, is a large new military aerodrome.

—The 'Critic' in the
New Statesman and Nation, London

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A famous poet reconsiders the rôle of the Church in the modern world.

The Church's Message

By T. S. Eliot
From the *Listener*
Weekly Organ of the British Broadcasting Corporation

THAT there is an antithesis between the Church and the World is a belief we derive from the highest authority. We know also from our reading of history that a certain tension between Church and State is desirable. When Church and State fall out completely, it is ill with the commonwealth; and when Church and State get on too well together, there is something wrong with the Church. But the distinction between the Church and the World is not so easy to draw as that between Church and State. Here we mean not any one communion or ecclesiastical organization but the whole number of Christians as Christians; and we mean not any particular State, but the whole of society, the world over, in its secular aspect. The antithesis is not simply between two opposed groups of individuals: every individual is himself a field in which the forces of the Church and the World struggle.

By 'the Church's message' you might be led to think that what was meant was only the business of the Church to go on talking. I should like to make it more urgent by expanding the title to 'the Church's business to interfere with the World.' What is often assumed, and it is a principle that I wish to oppose, is the principle of live-and-let-live. It is assumed that if the State leaves the Church alone, and to some extent protects it from molestation, then the Church has no right to interfere with the organization of society, or with the conduct of those who deny its beliefs. It is assumed that any such interference would be the oppression of the majority by a minority. Christians must take a very different view of their duty. But before suggesting *how* the Church should interfere with the World, we must try to answer the question: *why* should it interfere with the World?

It must be said bluntly that between the Church and the World there is no permanent *modus vivendi* possible. We may unconsciously draw

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a false analogy between the position of the Church in a secular society and the position of a dissenting sect in a Christian society. The situation is very different. A dissenting minority in a Christian society can persist because of the fundamental beliefs it has in common with that society, because of a common morality and of common grounds of Christian action. Where there is a different morality there is conflict. I do not mean that the Church exists primarily for the propagation of Christian morality: morality is a means and not an end. The Church exists for the glory of God and the sanctification of souls; Christian morality is part of the means by which these ends are to be attained. But because Christian morals are based on fixed beliefs which cannot change they also are essentially unchanging; while the beliefs, and in consequence the morality, of the secular world can change from individual to individual, or from generation to generation, or from nation to nation. To accept two ways of life in the same society, one for the Christian and another for the rest, would be for the Church to abandon its task of evangelizing the world. For the more alien the non-Christian world becomes, the more difficult becomes its conversion.

The Church is not merely for the elect—in other words, those whose temperament brings them to that belief and that behavior. Nor does it allow us to be Christian in some social relations and non-Christian in others. It wants everybody, and it wants each individual as a whole. It therefore must struggle for a condition of society which will give the maximum of opportunity for us to lead wholly Christian lives, and the maximum of opportunity for others to become Christians. It maintains the paradox that while we are each responsible for our own souls, we are all responsible for all other souls, who are, like us, on their way to a future state of heaven or hell. And—another paradox—as the Christian attitude towards peace, happiness and well-being of peoples is that they are a means and not an end in themselves, Christians are more deeply committed to realizing these ideals than are those who regard them as ends in themselves.

II

Now, *how* is the Church to interfere in the world? I do not propose to take up the rest of my time by denouncing Fascism and Communism. This task has been quite ably performed by others, and the conclusions may be taken for granted. By pursuing this charge, I might obtain from you a kind of approval that I do not want. I suspect that a good deal of the dislike of these philosophies in this country is due to the wrong reasons as well as the right, and is colored with complacency and sanctimony. It is easy, safe and pleasant to criticize foreigners; and it has the advantage of distracting attention from the evils of our own society. We must distinguish also between our opposition to *ideas* and our disapproval of *practices*.

Both Fascism and Communism have fundamental ideas which are incompatible with Christianity. But in practice, a Fascist or a Communist State might realize its idea more or less, and might be more or less tolerable. And on the other hand, the practices, or others equally objection-

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able, might easily intrude themselves into a society nominally attached to quite different principles. We need not assume that our form of constitutional democracy is the only one suitable for a Christian people, or that it is in itself a guarantee against an anti-Christian world. Instead of merely condemning Fascism and Communism, therefore, we might do well to consider that we also live in a mass-civilization following many wrong ambitions and wrong desires, and that if our society renounces completely its obedience to God, it will become no better, and possibly worse, than some of those abroad which are popularly execrated.

By 'the World,' then, I mean for my present purpose particularly the world in England. And here the influence of the Church can be exerted in several ways. It may oppose, or it may support, particular actions at particular times. It is acclaimed when it supports any cause that is already assured of a good deal of secular support; it is attacked, quite naturally, when it opposes anything that people think they want.

Whether people say that the Church ought to interfere, or whether they say it ought to mind its own business, depends mostly on whether they agree or disagree with its attitude upon the issue of the moment. A very difficult problem arises whenever there is occasion for the Church to resist any innovation—either in legislation or in social practice—which is contrary to Christian principles. To those who deny, or do not fully accept, Christian doctrine, or who wish to interpret it according to their private lights, such resistance often appears oppressive. To the unreasoning mind the Church can often be made to appear to be the enemy of progress and enlightenment. The Church may not always be strong enough to resist successfully; but I do not see how it can ever accept as a permanent settlement one law for itself and another for the world.

I do not wish, however, to pursue the question of the kinds of issues which may arise from time to time. I want to suggest that a task for the Church in our age is a more profound scrutiny of our society, which shall start from the question: to what depth is the foundation of our society not merely neutral but positively anti-Christian?

III

It ought not to be necessary for me to insist that the final aims of the churchman and the aims of the secular reformer are very different. So far as the aims of the latter are for true social justice, they ought to be comprehended in those of the former. But one reason why the lot of the secular reformer or revolutionist seems to me to be the easier is this: that for the most part he conceives of the evils of the world as something external to himself. They are thought of either as completely impersonal, so that there is nothing to alter but machinery; or if there is evil *incarnate*, it is always incarnate in the *other people*—a class, a race, the politicians, the bankers, the armament makers, and so forth—never in oneself.

There are individual exceptions; but so far as a man sees the need for converting *himself* as well as the World, he is approximating to the religious point of view. But for most people, to be able to simplify issues so as to see

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only the definite external enemy, is extremely exhilarating and brings about the bright eye and the springy step that go so well with the political uniform. This is an exhilaration that the Christian must deny himself. It comes from an artificial stimulant bound to have bad after-effects. It causes pride, either individual or collective, and pride brings its own doom. For only in humility, charity and purity—and most of all perhaps humility—can we be prepared to receive the grace of God without which human operations are vain.

It is not enough simply to see the evil and injustice and suffering of this world and then precipitate oneself into action. We must know what only theology can tell us; why these things are wrong. Otherwise we may right some wrongs at the cost of creating new ones. If this is a world in which I, and the majority of my fellow-beings, live in that perpetual distraction from God which exposes us to the one great peril, that of final and complete alienation from God after death, there is some wrong that I must try to help to put right. If there is any profound immorality to which we are all committed as a condition of living in society at all, that is a matter of the gravest concern to the Church.

I am neither a sociologist nor an economist, and in any case it would be inappropriate in this context to produce any formula for setting the world right. It is much more the business of the Church to say what is wrong, that is, what is inconsistent with Christian doctrine, than to propose particular schemes of improvement. What is right enters the realm of the *expedient* and is contingent upon place and time, the degree of culture, the temperament of a people. But the Church can say what is always and everywhere *wrong*. And without this firm assurance of first principles which it is the business of the Church to repeat in and out of season, the World will constantly confuse the right with the expedient. In a society based on the use of slave labor, men tried to prove from the Bible that slavery was something ordained by God. For most people, the actual constitution of society, or that which their more generous passions wish to bring about, is right, and Christianity must be adapted to it. But the Church cannot be, in any political sense, either conservative, or liberal, or revolutionary. Conservatism is too often conservation of the wrong things; liberalism a relaxation of discipline; revolution a denial of the permanent things.

IV

Perhaps the dominant vice of our time, from the point of view of the Church, will be proved to be avarice. Surely there is something wrong in our attitude towards money. The acquisitive, rather than the creative and spiritual instincts, are encouraged. The fact that money is always forthcoming for the purpose of making more money, whilst it is so difficult to obtain for purposes of exchange, and for the needs of the most needy, is disturbing to those who are not economists. I am by no means sure that it is right for me to improve my income by investing in the shares of a company, making I know not what, operating perhaps thousands of miles away, and in the control of which I have no effective voice—but which is recommended as a sound investment.

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I am still less sure of the morality of my being a money-lender: that is, of investing in bonds and debentures. I know that it is wrong for me to speculate; but where the line is to be drawn between speculation and what is called legitimate investment is by no means clear. I seem to be a petty usurer in a world manipulated largely by big usurers. And I know that the Church once condemned these things. And I believe that modern war is chiefly caused by some immorality of competition which is always with us in times of 'peace;' and that until this evil is cured, no leagues or disarmaments or collective security or conferences or conventions or treaties will suffice to prevent it.

Any machinery, however beautiful to look at and however wonderful a product of brains and skill, can be used for bad purposes as well as good: and this is as true of social machinery as of constructions of steel. More important than the invention of a new machine is the creation of a temper of mind in a people such that they can learn to use a new machine rightly. More important still at the moment would be the diffusion of knowledge of what is wrong—*morally* wrong—and of *why* it is wrong. We are all dissatisfied with the way in which the world is conducted: some believe that it is a misconduct in which we all have some complicity; some believe that if we trust ourselves entirely to politics, sociology or economics we shall only shuffle from one makeshift to another. And here is the perpetual message of the Church: to affirm, to teach and to apply true theology. We cannot be satisfied to be Christians at our devotions and merely secular reformers all the rest of the week, for there is one question that we need to ask ourselves every day and about whatever business. The Church has perpetually to answer this question: to what purpose were we born? What is the end of Man?

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Here is a rare statesman who dares to chide his own nation about its shortcomings and urge it to mend its ways; also an account of the surprising awakening of little Siam.

Tocsin *in the* East

I. Have Faith in China

By Sun Fo

From the *People's Tribune*, Shanghai National Semi-Monthly

SINCE the Mukden incident of 1931, our Eastern neighbor, from a frantic desire for territorial aggrandizement, has been trying vigorously and invidiously to add Hopei, Shantung, Shensi, Chahar, and Suiyuan to the territory she has already seized, and these five integral provinces of China are now faced with immediate disaster. In addition to this external pressure China has suffered from many serious natural calamities, the virtual bankruptcy of rural economics and an unfavorable balance in foreign trade that has increased with the years.

As we ponder over our future as a race, the problem of national survival has never appeared to be as serious as it is today. Many of our compatriots have either criticized the Government on account of its alleged incompetency or denounced the general moral degeneration of the people as being responsible for this deplorable state of affairs. While some are gravely worried, and rightly so, about this problem, feeling that national annihilation will come on the morrow and that there is absolutely no way out, others have deliberated on the problem seriously and formulated constructive plans for national salvation. Among this latter group, some have advocated speedy and immediate action, while others have proposed cautious and conservative steps. These differences in emphasis together with the inability to distinguish between urgent and ultimate needs on the part of well-meaning people have made confusion worse

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confounded. There are still others who boast about our civilization and its history of four thousand years, and who rely on this as a guarantee of national salvation, no matter what external aggressions there may be. Is there any essential difference between such a fantastic idea and a dream?

It is true that the problem of national salvation can be approached from many different angles, but in my opinion the following four factors must be regarded as fundamental if we are to reach a solution.

First, we must regain confidence in our ability to survive as a race. In the important manifesto issued about a year ago over the names of ten of our well-known college professors, it was pointed out that in modern civilization China as a nation is fast fading from prominence. But we must realize that the humiliating attitude of others in regard to our international position need not distress us. What really matters is our own self-esteem and loss of self-confidence. It is obvious that any struggle for national salvation without first having confidence in ourselves is simply hopeless. There is no cause for discouragement about China's relative position, because what is known as modern civilization is only a product of three or four hundred years, and the Great Powers of today were before that time even weaker than we are.

The United States was only a small British colony one hundred and fifty years ago. Its people were then loosely organized and living in what was actually a primitive land. Not only were they persecuted by the mother country on religious grounds, but they were also heavily in debt. Today the United States has developed into a most powerful country and has become a most important financial center of the world, seriously challenging the supremacy of London. Russia has likewise emerged from the ignorance and low standard of living prevailing during the Czarist régime, and has become a rejuvenated nation in the short space of twenty years. Illiteracy in that country has decreased from 80 per cent to 20 per cent of the population, and in the matter of production she now ranks among the highest in the world.

It may be argued that the American and Russian people belong to the white race, but we also have the case of a genuinely Oriental country, namely Japan, which has also become a Great Power within a few decades. This goes to show that modern civilization, with all its advantages, is easy of attainment if only one makes the necessary effort. Even craniologically the Chinese are not inferior to other nations. According to the study of Ginsberg, a well-known Western anthropologist, the average content of the brain of European males is 1,450 cubic centimeters and of females 1,300 c.c. and that of the average Chinese is 1,456 c.c., while Topinard's figures show that the average European brain weighs 1,361 milligrams and the Chinese 1,428 milligrams. Granting that such findings are inconclusive, it still can be safely stated that our race is by no means inferior to others in physical and mental equipment. In the present circumstances mere bombastic utterances are of no help. What is most needed is to regain self-confidence in our struggle for national salvation.

In the second place, we should not only maintain confidence in ourselves individually but we should also pledge ourselves to a common belief in regard

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to national salvation. While people may differ in their views as to the proper course to be pursued for the attainment of that goal, they must not be coerced to follow it blindly. Nevertheless, national salvation is a fundamental principle to which every person should subscribe heartily. We must set up our own goal in such a way that we may be able to command the cooperation of the whole nation. Unfortunately we often allow ourselves to be ruled by ignorance, and commit ourselves to following others blindly, without showing any inclination for original thinking of our own. There has been too much dilly-dallying in our ideas. At first the partial Westernization idea of Li Hung-chang held sway, then came advocacy of monarchical constitutionalism, which was again followed by a demand for federation by the Northern militarists. Shortly afterward Communism gained some popularity and now it is Fascism that is the vogue in some circles. There is still another section of the people which advocates complete Westernization as the means of insuring national salvation. The existence of such a series of conflicting ideas shows the mental shallowness of our people as well as the lack of a common rational creed in regard to the ultimate achievement of our gigantic task.

II

The original weakness of our nation was mainly the result of foreign imperialistic oppression and of internal feudalistic autocracy, which faults the Revolution set out to remedy. There is no other way to achieve this end than by the application of the Three Peoples' Principles — Nationalism, Democracy, Livelihood (economic equality) — which the late Dr. Sun expounded so clearly. Though much still remains to be done in spite of the establishment of the National Government, it must be pointed out that though the Government has its shortcomings, no criticism is directed against the Principles. During the last decade the Government has been kept largely engaged in suppressing subversive elements and little time or opportunity has been available for carrying out the Three Peoples' Principles.

I am firmly convinced that faithful adherence to, and rigid realization of the Three Peoples' Principles as expounded by Dr. Sun Yat-Sen will before long lead us to final triumph in national recovery. If obstinate faith in fanciful ideas is allowed to prevail China will never be able to uplift herself as a nation. The experience of the Sung Dynasty, during the closing days of which divergence of opinion was largely responsible for its destruction, and the example of Korea, which was lost because its people were not willing to forget and sink their differences in face of Japanese aggression, are matters of history which should serve as serious lessons for us.

Thirdly, hostility toward the Government must cease. As a matter of fact, every citizen should take his share of responsibility in helping to solve the present national crisis. If uniformity of action and consolidation of strength is desired, national unity must be first achieved, and responsibility for that achievement naturally falls upon the shoulders of the Government. It must be pointed out that in the absence of national unification the Government simply cannot deal with a foreign foe

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effectively and whole-heartedly. In the past, harsh criticism and subversive activities on the part of a few discontented radicals have been directed against the Government. The result has been great internal confusion which further complicated an already serious situation, greatly to the satisfaction of the enemy. Now that national unity has been achieved and administrative authority centralized, internal dissension should no longer be countenanced. Those who hold different opinions and have constructive proposals to offer must act according to the law, and if they utilize proper channels I am sure the Government will be more than willing to consider any bona fide and constructive suggestions that are calculated to strengthen the program of national salvation.

Lastly, there must be a strong determination and readiness to make the final sacrifice on the part of the whole nation. According to a well-known Chinese proverb: 'No egg in the nest can be safe when the nest itself meets with disaster.' Obviously, national salvation rests upon our strong determination to preserve the nation as a whole. The ancient hero Yo Fei, of the Sung Dynasty, once declared:—'If all civil officials have no craving for money and all military officers have no fear of death, peace and order will surely prevail.' In order to save the nation the people should be ready to sacrifice their private interests for the national cause, because in modern warfare—as distinct from medieval conflicts—final victory depends not so much on those who participate in the actual fighting at the front as upon the necessity that every individual member of the entire nation shall do his very utmost in the struggle. If national interests are subordinated to personal interests, and if people are concerned with nothing but their own personal gains and do not even feel ashamed when going so far as to betray their country for the purpose of self-aggrandizement, that nation is doomed to disaster. It is encouraging, however, to see that in our country a vigorous public spirit has been amply demonstrated in the voluntary contributions for the support of the Government forces. If this spirit is consistently maintained, there need be no fear that our country will be destroyed.

II. Even Siam Rearms

From the *Observer*, London Independent Conservative Sunday Newspaper

A NEW nationalism is stirring in Bangkok, the Venice of the Orient, where so much life proceeds on the Menam River and its network of interlocking canals.

Behind the picturesque façade of the scores of striking *wats*, or Buddhist temples, with their fantastic decorations in mother-of-pearl and porcelain in pyramidal and spiral forms, some very modern impulses in the direction of larger armaments and greater State control of economic life are at work.

The revolution which led to the abdication of King Prajadhipok and

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to the installation of a Regency on behalf of the boy-King, Ananda, who is now living in Switzerland, was a result of several factors.

There was a resentment against the world depression, which made itself felt even in Siam. There was jealousy of the predominance in higher posts of princes of the Royal Household. The movement was actively supported by a number of younger army and navy officers; and their influence is clearly discernible in the enlarged program of national defense which is now being carried into execution.

The military budget has risen from approximately 13,000,000 bahts (about $6,000,000) in 1932–1933 to a record figure of 23,300,000 bahts in 1936–1937. Imitating the methods of the secretive European dictatorships, the Siamese budget-makers have not itemized their military expenditures. Its precise distribution is therefore unknown. But it is known that a considerable number of airplanes and some tanks have been purchased abroad.

Siam is also building a navy; and an additional appropriation of 18,000,000 bahts has been set aside for this purpose. Only small war vessels are being ordered; some destroyers have been bought both in Japan and in Italy.

As Siam's nationalist resurgence has coincided with the increasing spread of Japanese political and economic influence throughout the Orient, there has been a disposition in some quarters to interpret the Siamese revolution as marking a definite turn of the country away from Great Britain and France, its nearest neighbors (Siam is bounded on the west and south by Burma and Malaya and on the east by French Indo-China), and toward Japan. More specifically it has been alleged on several occasions that a canal is to be cut across the narrowest part of the Isthmus of Kra, in Southern Siam, with Japanese financial coöperation.

Such a canal would provide a shorter route between Europe and the Far East and would be a severe economic blow to Singapore. It has also been suggested that Siam's new air force, which is reported to be the strongest between China and Iraq, would be a useful adjunct to Japan in the event of any future operation against Singapore, which is well within bombing range of the Siamese frontier.

Such speculative apprehensions may be good for sensational headlines; but, studied on the spot, they seem to lack reality. The alleged project of the Kra canal has been scouted by every responsible person with whom I talked in Bangkok, including the Siamese Foreign Minister, Mr. Luang Pradit Manudharm and the Japanese Minister, Mr. Ishii.

The latter pointed out that Singapore was such an important distributing center that ships would be bound to call there in any event, so that the canal would lack economic justification.

While there is much evidence to show that Siam is impatient to be rid of what the ardent young nationalists in control of the régime regard as leading-strings in the shape of foreign advisors and treaties which limit the country's commercial freedom of action, there is no reason to suppose that the country wishes to accept Japanese instead of Western dictation.

Indeed, several recent developments

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indicate that Siam's foreign policy is being shaped with no special regard for Japanese wishes. Among these may be noted the inauguration of a new tariff, which largely replaces the *ad valorem* levies with the specific duties that bear hard on cheap Japanese goods, the failure of the efforts of Japanese capitalists to establish a sugar factory here, and the continued reluctance of the Siamese authorities to comply with the Japanese desire to establish air connection between Formosa and Siam.

There are also very definite indications that Japanese commercial and cultural influence are growing; but these seem to have been motivated by pocketbook rather than by sentimental considerations. For this reason Siam is now sending more students, including naval cadets, to Japan, where travel and living costs are much lower than in Western Europe and America. Japanese textiles and other inexpensive exports have been gaining ground by leaps and bounds in Siam; and the Island Empire now supplies about 30 per cent of Siam's imports.

Here again the economic explanation is simple and obvious. Siam is a poor country and the cheap Japanese goods have an irresistible appeal. A Japanese cotton expert, Professor Mihara, is working out plans for the more extensive cultivation of cotton in Siam. Japan would doubtless welcome an alternative source of cotton supply here; but climatic and soil conditions make it doubtful whether cotton will ever be a serious rival of the country's present main exports of rice, rubber, tin, and teakwood.

The wave of nationalism which has swept Asia from Turkey to China has not missed Siam. This sole independent kingdom of Southeastern Asia wants to stand on her own political and economic legs. But there is no indication that Siam's aspirations go beyond mastery in her own house, or that the close geographic and economic ties between Siam and the adjacent regions of the British Empire will be severed.

Heard in Germany

Luther said what he believed.
Hitler believes what he says.
Goebbels says what he does not believe.
Schacht does not say what he believes.

—Janus in the *Spectator* London

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LETTERS AND THE ARTS

Carnival in Munich

For many years the *Münchener Neuesten Nachrichten* has published a frolicsome carnival number. This year it contained so much frank criticism of the Nazi régime that one wonders whether the Propaganda Ministry deliberately relaxed its censorship in order to give the impression that criticism is permitted after all. At least, the editors must have felt that it was safe to unloose a few darts at the régime.

As is well known, the art criticism had been replaced for a time by pure 'description' in accordance with Dr. Goebbels's decree, partly revoked since. The *Nachrichten* satirized this decree in the following review of a performance of Carmen:—

The popular curtain with the well-known Goddess Aurora went up and disclosed a stage which appeared to have a width of about 100 feet and a depth of 60 feet. All the singers and musicians were occupied with their respective tasks at various times throughout the performance. . . .

It has become increasingly apparent that German literary genius is no longer as prolific as in former days. Even the Nazis seem to realize it. One of the sketches tells of a young man who tried to enter one of the new buildings in the Wilhelmstrasse where all the new 'Chambers of Culture' have been housed at night by means of a ladder.

We are reliably informed that the man in question was a poet who wishes to remain anonymous. He was merely trying to pay a visit to his Muse, who is now stationed in the new Reich Chamber of Culture. (The Editors wish to emphasize anew that the Muses are now *employed by the State* and that they can be interviewed only during office hours and by persons showing membership cards in the Chamber of Culture. Even geniuses will kindly take notice.)

Another slap at the attempts to curtail free expression in art and at the support which the Nazis have given to old and conservative artists is entitled 'Courageous Cultivation of Art.'

The Municipal Gallery has acquired five new canvases. The total age of the painters in question amounts this time to a mere 395 years because there is a spry youngster of seventy-five among the octogenarians. Nobody can describe the joy on the face of the youthful master when the Purchasing Commission entered his modest studio. 'I know,' he said, 'that to be thus honored in one's youth tempts one to become conceited and arrogant, but I shall in the future renounce all youthful frivolity and concentrate on my art, so as to remain worthy of this honor.'

The following satirical version of Little Red Riding Hood also appeared in the *Nachrichten's* carnival number.

Once upon a time there was a forest in Germany which had not yet been cleared by the Labor Service, and in this forest there lived a wolf. One beautiful Sunday morning a little girl (who belonged to the League of German Girls) strolled through the woods. She was wearing a little red riding hood and was going to visit her grandmother who lived in one of the Mothers' Homes run by the Nazi Peoples' Welfare. The little girl was carrying a basket containing food and a bottle of wine.

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Suddenly the big bad wolf stood before her. He wore brown fur so that nobody would suspect that his intentions were patriotic. Little Red Riding Hood was not afraid because she knew that all the enemies of the people had been put in concentration camps. She thought he was an ordinary bourgeois dog.

'Heil, Little Red Riding Hood!' said the wolf. 'Where are you going?'

She answered: 'I am visiting my grandmother in the Mothers' Home.'

'Is that so?' said the wolf. 'You really should take along some of these lovely flowers with which the Bureau of Forest Beautification has embellished the woods!'

Little Red Riding Hood began at once to pick a little bunch of autumn flowers. In the meantime the wolf hurried to the Mothers' Home, devoured the grandmother, slipped into her clothes, put on the badge of the Women's League and went to bed.

Soon Little Red Riding Hood arrived and asked:—

'How are you, Granny dear?'

The wolf, trying to imitate the voice of the grandmother, answered: 'Very well, my child.'

Little Red Riding Hood asked: 'Why do you speak so strangely today?'

The wolf answered: 'This morning's public speaking course tired me out.'

'But, Granny dear, why are your ears so big?'

'The better to hear what the belly-achers are whispering.'

'And why are your eyes so large?'

'The better to recognize the borers from within.'

'And why is your mouth so large?'

'Don't you know that I belong to the League of Culture?' And with these words the wolf ate up poor Little Red Riding Hood, irresponsibly fell asleep and snored lustily.

A little later the Chief Forester passed by. He heard the snoring and thought: 'How can an Aryan grandmother snore in such a non-Aryan fashion?' Upon investigating he found the wolf and shot him although he had no hunting license for wolves. Then he slit open his stomach and found both grandmother and child still alive. What joy there was! The wolf was assigned to the Reich Department of Nutrition. As a reward the Chief Forester received permission to wear a gold-embroidered wolf on his breast. Little Red Riding Hood became a sub-leader in the League of German Girls, and the grandmother was sent to Madeira by the Strength-through-Joy organization.

—R. N.

Pushkin Centennial

NO OTHER writer in Russia is honored today with such widespread enthusiasm as Pushkin. There have been Pushkin celebrations in many countries abroad, although they have not been on the same scale as those in the Soviet Union. Foreign countries, after paying graceful tributes to the great Russian poet, will proceed to forget him. But in Soviet Russia the Pushkin Centennial seems to be merely an introduction to a cult that bids fair to exert a permanent influence on literature and education.

For a year the Soviet cultural leaders have been engaged in a gigantic project to educate the nation in Pushkin. They have recruited countless writers, scholars, sculptors, painters, cinema producers, playwrights and composers for the task. The publishing houses have been working overtime to bring out works by and about the master. Some 8,180,000 copies of these works have been printed by the State Literary Publishing House (Gosizdat) alone. Complete editions of Pushkin's works have been published in Ukrainian, White-Russian, Armenian, Georgian, Tartar, Uzbek and in many other languages that are read in the U.S.S.R. The cinema studios have produced his *Dubrovski* and the biographical *Poet's Youth*, and are working on other pictures. So it is apparent that the Centennial is meant to have a last-

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ing effect on the mind of the Soviet citizen.

Pushkin was unquestionably a happy choice for this project. He was not only a great poet and the most attractive figure in the Russian literature, but also a man in whose veins there flowed the blood of a persecuted and supposedly inferior race (his great-grandfather was an Abyssinian whom Peter the Great had brought to Russia). Of more importance, perhaps, to the authorities in Moscow is the fact that his lucid and lovely verses bore the indeniable imprint of liberalism and that he drew much of his spirit and material from the tales of his old peasant nurse. It is not surprising that the Communists adopted him with enthusiasm. Indeed, some of his lines seem to have been written expressly to afford them an opportunity to point out some of their achievements. 'My fame,' said Pushkin, 'will spread over the whole of Russia and my words will be repeated by all the tongues in it—by the proud Slav and the Kalmuck and by the wild Tungus.' The Soviet Government can boast that all these peoples and tribes, illiterate in Pushkin's time and at the end of the Czarist régime, are now able to read him in their native languages.

In some mysterious way Pushkin has become identified with the Soviet Government and what it stands for. He is now claimed by Soviet literature, and with some justice, because only now has much of his poetry been freed from the distortions imposed upon it by the Czarist censorship. Soviet scholars have done a remarkably good job both in restoring his original versions and in popularizing all his poetry. Pushkin is becoming known and loved by the members of the most distant kolkhozes and by the school children. He is written about, naïvely imitated and learned by heart.

To illustrate how real Pushkin has become to the younger generation, a writer in *Pravda* describes the drawings which school children had submitted for the National Pushkin Exhibition.

'A village schoolboy has drawn a picture called *D'Anthès Kills Pushkin*. He has shown Pushkin's murderer dressed in a Fascist uniform: to him Pushkin's enemy could not be anything but a Fascist! Many of these young artists portray the boy poet listening to his old nurse's tales with a Pioneer's [the Soviet school children's organization] red tie around his neck.'

This exaltation of Pushkin, who wrote in simple, beautiful language, may be the final blow to formalism, a quasi-impressionistic tendency which has been very popular but which the Government is trying to discourage. One recognizes that this idolatry may have a sterilizing effect on Russian literature: not only children but also, alas, veteran poets have been writing rather feeble imitations of his inimitable poetry. But the extensive reading of Pushkin's prose and poetry ought ultimately to have a beneficial effect in restoring dignity to a language which has been reduced to unlovely journalistic prose.

—L. C.

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AS OTHERS SEE US

American Journalese

WRITING recently in the *Nineteenth Century and After*, London topical monthly, J. Howard Wellard examines the English of American journalism. In the following extract from his article, 'Observations on American Prose,' he interprets our journalese and attempts to convince his compatriots that there is some method in its madness.

'Pix in Nitery,' announces *Variety* 'Plus Floor Show at 49 c Couvert.' 'Daughters of Democracy Bump Knees For King,' proclaims the *Chicago Tribune*. And the comparatively sedate *New York Times* reports: 'Dean . . . drove in one of the three runs the Cards shoved across in a ninth innings spree to put the game on ice.'

Let us, in considering the extraordinary and occasionally incomprehensible jargon which issues from the American printing presses, profit from previous critics' misguided zeal by avoiding hasty condemnation and moral superiority. We can do this if we remember that language is, after all, no more and no less than a convenience and not a social institution; and that words or expressions or grammar have no intrinsic moral character.

'Pix in Nitery,' then; and 'Bump Knees For King.' First, what do they mean? Secondly, why are such apparently incomprehensible expressions substituted for 'good' English. The English paraphrase of the three examples is given:—

Original	*Translation*
1. Pix in Nitery, Plus Floor Show at 49 c Couvert.	A night club offers its patrons films as well as a floor show for an inclusive cover charge of 49 cents.
2. Daughters of Democracy Bump Knees for King.	American débutantes curtsey to the King.
3. Dean . . . drove in one of the three runs the Cards shoved across in a ninth innings spree to to put the game on ice.	Dean scored one of the three runs made by the St. Louis Baseball Team during their lively ninth innings and thus made sure of victory.

The three examples happen to illustrate very concisely the next point to be considered in a dispassionate examination of American journalese: the *function* of this kind of language. In the first instance, the *Variety* headline is concerned with compressing as much information or 'info' (with acknowledgments to *Variety*) into as short a phrase as possible—the first principle of modern journalism. Further, the paper has developed a specialized jargon in the manner of other professions. Thus, *Pix* (singular, *pic*) for *pictures; Nitery* for *night club; biz* for *business; indies* for *independent theaters* are not used merely to annoy purists, but for the reasons that editors and printers use the term *caps* and the medieval scribe used a system of abbreviations, contractions, and superior letters. *Pix*, as a tironian convenience, is no more eccentric than *viz.*

In the example taken from the *Chicago Tribune* (which calls itself 'the greatest newspaper in the world'); the sense is not obscure with a little effort and imagination on the part of the reader. The same headline adds that the Daughters of Democracy 'Crash Gates of Royalty,' which implies that the American débutantes who 'bumped knees for king' were present at a garden party in the grounds of Buckingham Palace. If the reader, puzzled and curious, gives these condensations thought, the journalist will feel cause for congratulation, since the

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headline has fulfilled its function of arresting attention. And if the reader is also amused, the trick is doubly successful. And if, as in this case, a whole social philosophy is compressed into half a dozen words, the experiment is a triumph of journalism.

We can readily admit the latent perniciousness of this garbled English. As a matter of fact, American tabloid journalism dabbles much of the time in scatological jargon calculated to appeal to mob curiosities. The Hearst newspapers and the tabloids—lurid sheets filled with salacious news and photographs—are the worst offenders in this respect. 'Wife Slays "Torture" Mate,' announces one. 'Quizz twenty in Rape,' 'Gunmen Pump Lead in Victim's Back,' and 'Judge Floors Wife-Beater.' Possibly the most blatant example of a headline pandering to mob emotions and gutter language was the one which announced Sir William Craigie's acceptance of the editorship of the University of Chicago's *Dictionary of the American Language*. Sir William arrived in the midst of the 'sock King George in the snout' campaign of 'Big Bill' Thompson, candidate for mayor. The headline announcing the lexicographer's arrival read: 'Midway Imports Limey Prof to Dope Yank Talk.'

In our third example, from the *New York Times*, the baseball terms will be as incomprehensible to the Englishman as cricketing expressions would be to the American. The English reader will need a glossary to make head or tail of them. The style—the spirit of the report—he will be able to apprehend. Obviously the writer is not using the English of a *Manchester Guardian* leader, nor is his prose as formal as we expect of an English sports-writer on a national journal.

Once again we are brought to a consideration of the function of such journalism: to report a game in the spirit in which it was played and watched—a game in this case of driving and shoving and sprees. For anyone who has seen American baseball, it will be more. It will be a major conflict, a not always bloodless substitute for a pitched battle or a bull fight. Hence such expressions as 'the Sox let go with both barrels;' 'He was shelled out of action;' 'despite the blasting that removed the famous gentleman from the picture;' and so on, in which the reporter conveys by means of martial language (chiefly according to under-world usage, however) the actions of the players and the emotions of the spectators. He has a particular kind of job to do, and he does it irrespective of literary canons and of his own literary training.

A consideration of American journalese, then, should be made with the requirements of its function in mind, with due allowance for the American predilection for novelty in language as in everything else. These two factors will explain a number of apparent oddities. Part of the journalistic function, as we have seen, is brevity; and here American ingenuity has full play.

Besides brevity, journalese is constantly striving after vivid or picturesque substitutes for common expressions. When a good one is found, it is invariably used in place of the original expression and thus becomes a journalistic cliché, which for all literary purposes is absolutely inadmissible. Thus, only in American newspapers do mobs 'battle' the police; while gangsters 'shoot up' a bank and 'pump lead' into their victims, and, if caught, they are 'grilled' by the police. And so on. The constant repetition of these clichés soon defeats their own end. They become colorless and ineffectual.

It was an awareness of the jaded and no longer effective jargon of contemporary journalism that was responsible for several bold experiments in American reporting. Certain American journalists, and one magazine in particular, have repudiated the whole newspaper jargon and ransacked the dictionary to substitute unusual words and expressions. From their point of view they have been eminently

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successful in so far as some of them have achieved national recognition of their style in the form of syndicated columns. Most readers in America can recognize, for instance, the style of the columnist Walter Winchell—a gossip writer who dresses up his trivia in some quasi-futuristic prose of his own invention. Under the heading of *Your America and Mine* appears the following tittle-tattle:—

'When the divorce arrives, Paul Longone, the Chicago Metopera impresario, and Eleanor LaMance, the contralto, will latch. . . . Alfred E. Smith just spurned 10 G's for blabbing on the radio a half-hour. . . . The Phil Spitalnys have gone ouch! . . . Miss Rita de Leporte, danseuse of the Metopera, will be riveted to Douglas J. Murphy, St. Louis insurance mogul. . . . Lord Castlerosse and Winston Churchill's son, Randolph, socked each other at a London hot spot. . . . The song has oomph. . . .'

Weird and wonderful, but not altogether incomprehensible. *Latch* and *rivet* as synonyms for *marry* are more sprightly additions to popular slang than *get tied up*. 'Socked each other at a London hot spot' is, possibly, adequate language for the event in question. 'The song has oomph,' like Horace's '*splendide mendax*,' is a perfect example of verbal economy.

Comparable to Winchell in having a unique and copyrighted style, yet retaining some respect for literary English, is the magazine *Time*, the *enfant terrible* of American journalism, fathered by a group of brilliant young journalists. *Time* can speak for itself; and, in any case, its accents will be known to a large number of English subscribers. The *Time* style is seen at its most characteristic in the short, terse reports of crime events. These stories are masterpieces of slick journalism. Whittled down to their crudest facts, they achieve by means of a jerky, monosyllabic diction the realism of a Hemingway description. There are stylistic tricks, a choice of unusual expressions and twists given to the ordinary ones.

To break down still further this characteristic American journalese, we should mention a few of the other tricks of the trade, especially as they are being imitated, even in England. The use of generic descriptions is one such trick. In *Time* it is always *Composer* Mozart, *Banker* Morgan, *Physiologist* Haggard of Yale, *Cinemactress* Hepburn and *Hero* Parker. Piquant adjectives make mere names news. Thus: *goat-bearded* Marshal Emilio De Bono, *buck-toothed* King Carol II of Rumania, *bulbous* Sir Thomas Inskip. So blondes become *saucy-faced;* business men *tycoons;* crowds *bug-eyed;* and nonentities *moppets*. Portmanteau expressions assume fantastic forms: Harpo Marx becomes a *cinemadman*. Others are *cinemactors* or *cinemactresses* or *cinemagnates*. A cinema is a *cinemansion* frequented by *cinemaddicts*. Very seldom does anyone 'speak' in the pages of *Time;* he *bellows*, *snaps* or *gobbles*. If the prosaic *he said* must be used, it can at least be reversed to *said he*. So with clichés: as a caption, 'the exception proves the rule' is restated 'to the rule, an exception.' Generally, however, the captions are purposely unintelligible and intriguing. Under George II of Greece (always 'Gorgeous Georgios' in *Time*) appears 'Ruffians Roared of Poison;' under Elsie de Wolfe, 'She Will Deplush Buck House.'

To the readers of our own *Times*, *Daily Telegraph*, *Manchester Guardian*, and the other less sensational English newspapers, these stylistic acrobatics of the American journal may seem grotesque to the extent of being gibberish. The interesting thing for us is that such a style is an important linguistic experiment conducted by writers who have a sound grasp of the intricacies of language and, at the same time, a shrewd understanding of the function of their craft. Commercial considerations have undoubtedly determined this showy prose; but then commercial considerations have determined English prose, literary as well as journalistic, from the origin of the newspaper.

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BOOKS ABROAD

Timid France

The Destiny of France. *By Alexander Werth. London: Hamish Hamilton. 1937.*

(Edgar Ansel Mowrer in the *Spectator*, London)

'INTERNALLY, France has lived a brave and courageous life during these years; internationally, she has led a cautious—and many would say, cowardly existence.' 'These years' are the last five, of which *The Destiny of France* is a shrewd and exhaustive chronicle. A more poignant period could hardly have been chosen, for it marked the change from a 'post-War' to what may well prove to have been a 'pre-War' epoch. Like all but the deliberately blind, Mr. Werth is sharply conscious of this fact. In the concluding paragraphs of his preface, he notes the disintegration of the Versailles order, the equally complete ruin of the League order —'powerfully attacked by the Fascist countries, and poorly defended by France and Britain'—but adds that if 'we (liberals?) stopped feeling self-conscious at the mention of the words *freedom* and *democracy*—and we *do*—we might yet pull through. For the Fascist countries have physical strength, supported by the crudest kind of bluffing, but nothing else.' Yet his book is one long description of how irresponsible dictatorship has bluffed time after time and how each time pacific democracy has thrown up the hand and paid the price.

In an admirable chapter, 'Non-stop 1919–1932,' we go through the post-War years, touching only the high spots. Here the reviewer could wish there had been more attempt to place the French slump in the framework of the general moral decline that followed the overstrain of the War.

In Germany, the reversion to 'prehistory' and the revolt against reason; in Britain, an incredible switch from a comrade-in-arms to an ex-enemy, motivated by a strange mixture of political craft (balance of power), desire to promote trade, and non-conformist need to do penance for the monstrous mendacity and hatred of the War period; in the United States a cowardly shirking of responsibilities in nearly every field, and the attempt to forget it all in a vast intoxication of prosperity; in France, the sudden access of terror following the realization that the 'hereditary enemy' was not only fiercely alive but already grooming himself for another round. It is not a pretty picture. If it seems more depressing in France than elsewhere, this is because France, properly called by Mr. Werth the 'stronghold of freedom on the Continent,' had always hitherto been so gallant and suddenly seemed so pitifully exposed. Therefore 'the decline of France as the leading European power' is to the reviewer the chief subject of this volume. For the second subject, perhaps dearer to the author, namely, the successful defense of the French democratic republic against Fascism, is but a day-dream if internationally the French do not soon pull themselves together, refuse one instant longer to be duped or intimidated, and face the appalling fact that peace cannot be bought from opponents whose *raison d'être* is the preparation and waging of aggressive war.

As Mr. Werth shows, it began (somewhat late) with Briand's '*Tant que je serai lá, il n'y aura pas de guerre!*' to culminate with the stubborn Laval's 'Never shall I give the order of mobilization!'—a declaration that virtually killed the League of Nations. The author, as he showed in his previous *France in Ferment*, is an excellent chronicler, who traces the slow thread of events from day to day, missing nothing, or at least missing little. It would be fascinating to know, rather than to conjecture, whether Sir Samuel Hoare really told Laval, in those stirring days of September, 1935, when it really looked as though the

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Home Fleet might save the League idea, that in no circumstances would the British use force against the Italians. For in this case the darker betrayal of the League would lie with Britain rather than with France. And the author never tries to investigate the irrepressible rumor that, even when he was promising the British 'full support' in any action against the Italian pact-breakers, the two-tongued Laval also warned them that such 'support' was valueless since the French people would never 'march'—thereby paralyzing even the boldest British pro-Leaguers. In fact, the reviewer wishes that Mr. Werth had brought into the text of his book more of the hard analysis which he crowds into his preface.

BUT why insist on guiding lines when the facts speak for themselves? Briand tried to conciliate Germany. Perhaps it was an impossible task. Perhaps the attempt came too late. Tardieu reversed the policy and when under Brüning the Weimar Republic was already dying, refused to lend a helping hand. Hitler's advent made conciliation without French capitulation an illusion. But Daladier and Laval ignored Hitler. Barthou tried in vain to mend a bad situation by 'roughness' at a time when the French were already jittery. Germany introduced conscription in defiance of the Versailles Treaty; Britain and Germany broke the naval restriction clauses without consulting France. Mussolini duped the naïve Laval, whom the Quai d'Orsay could hardly prevent from giving Ethiopia to Italy outright.

And finally Laval had to go. Germany remilitarized the Rhineland, half isolating France from her eastern allies. Flandin and Sarraut hesitated, listened to Britain, did nothing. Blum came. Once more in Spain the dictators flouted international usage and democratic prestige by their open support of the Rebels. And once more Blum, as the price for the presumed support of Great Britain, had to swallow his convictions and allow French interests to be harmed, perhaps mortally. It is a vivid and, to the reviewer, a depressing story leading to no good.

More inspiring to a democrat is the account of how La Rocque and Doumergue and Tardieu had the democratic Republic at their mercy and dawdled about the job of stifling it until the Radicals called their bluff; of how the Popular Front reconciled Liberals, Socialists and Communists in the single determination not to allow the advent of a French Hitler; of how, contrary to all precedent, they succeeded, won the following election and realized a 'French New Deal.' Mr. Werth is at his best in dealing with French internal politics; here his intimate acquaintance with French politicians, his knowledge of the country, his sense of humor and fairness even when dealing with persons whose views he does not share, make him the most illuminating of writers on contemporary France. The reviewer likes best the excerpts from Mr. Werth's diaries. Away from events and abstractions, he manages in a phrase to give an entire country:—

'I spent Easter Sunday at Evaux-les-Bains, in the Creuse, where I was regally entertained by the local baker, M. Maneyraud, who happens to be the son-in-law of old Thiebault, my Paris concierge.' Happy country where bakers entertain visiting foreign correspondents and the 'little man' has brains enough to rule. This explains many things, among them why Fascism in France was not successful; at least, not in its first spasm.

Vive l'Espagne!

Espagne! Espagne! *By Jean Richard Bloch. Paris: Édition Sociale Internationale. 1936.*

(Élie Faure in *Europe*, Paris)

SPAIN! You come to life before me in this agonized cry of suffering and of faith. I see again your turbulent past,

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a past such as no other nation has lived through, and I see the bloody present in which you now live and fight so heroically. The title rings like the cry of a wounded eagle who falls slowly into the abyss, like a funeral knell in which there still echo the memories of better days. Spain! Only yesterday you seemed to fools and learned alike a people fallen by the wayside and forgotten by humanity on its march to progress. Now with a single spring you have regained your place at their head.

This book, as swift-moving and devouring as fire, must be read by all. It is written in Bloch's customary nervous style, but it is a style of biting brilliance that emphasizes his intellectual honesty. In reading it, all those who were in Spain when the war broke out or have seen from afar the people's heartbreaking struggle against the invasion of mercenaries backed by the church and capitalism will breathe the atmosphere of heroism that reigns in Madrid and Barcelona and on the battlefield.

It is the same headlong passion that had always burned in the Spanish dance, music, theater and literature. But it was a secret fire that was appreciated only by the initiated and even they could not comprehend its intensity. For in the all-encompassing soul of this extraordinary people, life and death, tumult and silence reign side by side.

Read this book. It will tell you of the majesty of crowds that have been suddenly transported out of themselves by an unknown force, of the confusion of a new world which is slowly coming into being. You will see the barricaded villages, in which old men and children march side by side with young girls. You will see these improvised soldiers going to their death calmly, without dramatic flourishes. You will see the growth of a great epic, in which a nation calls upon its inexhaustible resources of character and imagination to meet adversity. You will get a glimpse of the diplomatic drama which is being enacted along with the drama of the revolution. As I read the book I am ashamed of my country's cowardly refusal to write the greatest page of its history.

You will know, you will feel, that the enemy can reduce all the proud cities—Madrid, Barcelona, Valencia, Bilbao—to ashes; that he can burn all the villages, massacre children, outrage women. Yet you will know that he can never break the spirit of this proud country. The enemies of Spain do not realize what Spain is. For every house burned, a spiritual reconstruction is achieved in its soul; for every murdered child there is born a new will to live. *Vive l'Espagne!*

The Poet's Function

Skepticism and Poetry: An Essay on the Poetic Imagination. *By D. G. James. London: Allen and Unwin. 1937.*

(Basil de Selincourt in the *Observer*, London)

WHAT do we mean when we speak of the English Tradition in poetry? By common consent, poetical achievement has been sustained in England at a remarkably high level with little intermission since Spenser's time, and substantially what Spenser had Chaucer had before him. Although the achievement has been associated with a great deal of loose and muddled theorizing about the nature of poetry and of uncertainty among poets themselves not only as to their motives, but as to their methods, their technique, the very constitution of their materials, yet there is a steady convergence of feeling to be discovered in the fundamental creative attitude; and assuredly the golden key, the focus of concentration, lies somewhere hidden near where that rainbow word, *imagination*, touches the ground. Find what the greater English poets mean by imagination and you are pretty near the secret of the continuing life of English poetry, the power and principle which is the very core of our tradition.

The word is probably the best that

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could have been chosen; why else should Blake and Keats and Coleridge agree to use it? But taken freshly as it stands, with its root-suggestion of image-making and its close connection with the sense of sight, it betrays the inescapable imperfection of language.

> *The lunatic, the lover and the poet*
> *Are of imagination all compact,*

says Shakespeare, and in his subsequent discourse keeps pretty near the root meaning of the word; for the lover

> *Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt*

while the poet uses imagination to body forth the shapes of things unknown and give a local habitation to airy nothing.

There was a long way to travel from this before Keats, whose very life-model was the work of Shakespeare, could say that there were two things only he could be certain of, the holiness of the heart's affections and the truth of imagination: 'What the imagination seizes as beauty must be truth.' But between the two lies the partly conscious, partly unconscious process of consolidation in the typically English attitude to the essential power of poetry—a consolidation assisted, of course, by the reactionary rationalism of the eighteenth century.

In spite of this convergence and consolidation very few of us even now know what we mean when we talk of the imagination, and there is very little agreement among critics and specialists as to the true meaning of the word. Mr. I. A. Richards wrote an important critical study last year on *Coleridge and Imagination*, yet his explanation of what Coleridge meant by the word was, to me at least, quite unconvincing. Now Mr. James comes forward with a deeply conceived, a closely-argued, a philosophically comprehensive essay, in which he makes it his first business to take Mr. Richards to task for his pseudo-scientific approach to poetry, an approach which, in Mr. James's view, would leave no scope for the operations of the imagination properly understood; whence he proceeds to expound his own theory of imagination, again using Coleridge as his main test of reference, but also going behind him to show how Coleridge in his turn derived from Kant.

THE object of this excursion is to remind the general reader of all the difficulties involved in any attempt to explain the bare fact of consciousness. Here is the world; we stretch out our hands and touch things; we open our eyes and see them; we do it, but how often do we stop to consider how it is done? Kant was a thinker who was specially helpful in breaking up the complacency of common sense and illuminating our mental processes; to him we owe our first clear apprehension of the subject-object relation, our sense of a blind barrier which knowledge overcomes. All is blind, all chaos, he held, till the light of the mind throws out its creative ordering beam. All knowledge makes what it knows; things are only what the mind says they are. So we come to see that all knowledge is creative, all is, to use our golden key-word, imaginative.

The advantage of obtaining this groundwork of philosophical authority is that it enables Mr. James to assert without appearance of paradox the continuity of poetry with life. The poet is merely carrying to a higher power, is merely using more effectively, an instrument which we are all using every day. To be conscious is already to be a poet; those we call poets are doing what all the rest of us are doing all the time, only they are doing it very much better—and, of course, they have a knack of explaining what they are doing and inviting the rest of us, in musical words, to share their enjoyment of the results.

Yet, while I appreciate Mr. James's motive in going through Coleridge to Kant, I cannot entirely subdue my sus-

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picion that the inconclusiveness of his final tenets—a quality of rigidity which I find in them and which I feel to be very alien to the spirit of poetry—is connected with his excessive reliance on the Kant-Coleridge base and his satisfaction with a machinery of analysis which is now a little out-of-date. I cannot help thinking that if he had considered how Blake, without any philosophic training, saw and expressed substantially the same truths, he would have been able, in the end, to bring the poetic attitude even closer to common life than he does, and to give us what we now so sorely need, a fresh conviction of the value and importance of poetry as the living fountain of truth—of truth which, like all else, goes dead and blind unless divine imagination daily renews and recreates it.

For in the end Mr. James forsakes poetry. The foundation of his book was that all sense and knowledge was the product of a creative imaginative act, a repetition, as Coleridge put it, in our finite minds of the *fiat* of the infinite I AM; but in the end he maintains that poetry, furthest reaching of all the creative activities of the mind, confronted at last with the insolubility of life's problems, is essentially committed to surrender or failure, must either surrender to religion and recognize an authority superior to its own, or else experience a slow dissipation of its energies and fade away.

HIS final exposition of the necessity of this dilemma, with its lugubrious alternative, is preceded by three chapters of highly ingenious criticism, in which he studies the careers of Wordsworth, Keats, and Shakespeare, showing how in each case the development of a high imaginative conception of the meaning of life led to a poetical impasse—poetry wilting in Wordsworth when he realized that all he had to say had been better conveyed by the dogma of the Christian Church, while Keats and Shakespeare, in *Hyperion* and the romantic plays, bowed their heads and realized that the world was inscrutable.

And here, whether or no we agree with Mr. James's conclusions, we cannot but applaud and gratefully delight in the critical audacity which enables him, for example, to inquire why Shakespeare's creative interest flagged. It is a momentous question, and the mere putting of it, the mere entertainment of it, is a critical feat. But let me add at once that it is a kind of feat which Mr. James deploys, or includes, in his critical activity without strain, and justifies by many a page of the soberest and most far-reaching considerations. It is, indeed, his mingled sobriety and originality which makes his book, in spite of a certain stiffness, really remarkable.

However, with all his lively awareness of a crisis in modern thought and in spite of the just severity with which he rebukes the scientific analysts who hope, by multiplication of terms and enlargement of microscopes, to seize the anatomy of poetry or precipitate its quintessence in a test-tube, he does himself in the end call in machine-made knowledge of another kind, and even proclaims that the rationality of the world is based on belief in the occurrence of a supra-rational event. That poetry should involve skepticism seems to him tantamount to poetic failure. I wonder why. It is failure only if you imagine certitude and literality to be evidences of success. The religious man—or rather a certain type of religious man who confuses knowledge with religion—imagines that true living can only be carried on when the answers to life's crossword puzzle have been supplied in advance—though the most rapacious of our earthly puzzle-solvers are content to wait till the following day.

But truth, as poetry and as religion apprehend it, is an intuitive response to an infinite, inapprehensible, encompassing living present; the very thought of a solved problem is a denial of its nature. To know you know is to be

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committed to inescapable error. The zest of life, for those who undertake it in the spirit of poetry, is the advance under this canopy of beauty into regions untried and unknown.

Adventure in Australia

LANDUNG IN AUSTRALIEN. *By Egon Erwin Kisch. Amsterdam: Verlag Allert de Lange. 1936.*

(A. M. F. in the *National-Zeitung*, Basel)

KISCH, the great reporter, is himself the hero of this half humorous, half serious, but thoroughly exciting account. Officially forbidden to land, he leaped onto Australian soil from the considerable height of an ocean steamer's deck, broke his leg, caused incredible complications and stirred the whole Antipodean continent.

His story frequently reads like the exploits of Baron Munchhausen with the rather important difference that Kisch's report is based on facts, even if they are sometimes stranger than fiction. His talent for telling a story is marvelous. Even when he seems to be making fun of himself and his thrilling adventures he skillfully creates genuine suspense. Apart from his grotesque encounters with the police, the courts and the Ministries, he informs and convinces.

He was sent to Australia as a European delegate to an Anti-War Congress of the League against War and Fascism. He found himself locked out because of unbelievably stupid and hypocritical intrigues. Nevertheless he remained in the country for months and won many friends while the officials became ever more hostile and helpless. In his travels he became acquainted with a country that is quite unfamiliar to us, a country rich in beauty but with many horrible aspects. The Australians, in turn, got information about the disastrous state of affairs in Europe through the lectures which Kisch often arranged with great difficulty.

It is not without reason that Kisch is regarded as a master reporter; he has always given more than mere journalistic reports. This book is an example, for it is far more than an attractive narrative; it is creative writing, and it is courageous too, despite its humor and irony. Kisch limps along with his leg in a cast, never subdued, getting information, giving a lecture, serving the truth with courage and expecting a better and more tolerable future for the ideals he fights for so valiantly.

Soviet Cartoonist

FASCISM—THE ENEMY OF THE PEOPLE. *An album of cartoons by Boris Efimov. Moscow: Izogiz. 1937.*

(K. Volski in the *Izvestia*, Moscow)

A BULL'S horns sprout from a steel helmet which bears the sinister emblem of a skull and crossbones. Under the helmet there is a mongrel face with bloodshot eyes that is convulsed with animal rage. The monster, who wears a swastika armband, is leaning on two improvised crutches—one an executioner's axe and the other a German rifle. This is the face of Fascism that stares from the cover of the newly published album of cartoons by the brilliant Soviet artist Boris Efimov.

If the cartoons had been arranged in chronological order, they might well serve as a commentator's calendar of notable events in Europe during the last few years. To be sure, Hitler's savagery and persecutions and the devilish works of the Fascist incendiaries of war are favorite subjects. The author's aim is to illustrate graphically the conception of Fascism as set forth by the Thirteenth Plenum of the Comintern. He succeeds brilliantly. All that is revolting about Fascism is mercilessly magnified in black and white.

The masterly sketches give the fullest, severest and most accurate definition of Fascism—one that makes all artistic liberties unnecessary. Forget for a minute that the book is merely a collection of crayon and pen-and-ink sketches, and

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you will see a keen political, social and ideological analysis of Fascism. It is a thick scholarly volume—an intelligent book written by an astute journalist, pamphleteer and statesman.

Boris Efimov is a splendid artist who has learned the last detail of the cartoonist's craft and has attained the mastery of the pure line. His terrain, of course, is the political cartoon, a graphic comment on the burning questions of the day. His aim is deadly. In a newspaper one of his cartoons carries greater weight than an article or an editorial. Efimov is the leading polemicist of the Soviet press. By means of the cartoon he is able to solve political problems which might seem at first glance to be beyond the reach of an artist's pen. For example, he wishes to depict as simply as possible the idea that Fascism is the offspring of capitalism. He does it by means of a cartoon with a caption: 'By the Cradle.' The misshapen baby Fascism is lying in a storm trooper's helmet. Three fairy godmothers bend solicitously over the cradle: they are—a general, a banker and a landowner! How simply and convincingly this is expressed!

Efimov castigates the Fascist atrocities in countless cartoons. He exposes Fascism as a synonym for war and savagery; it signifies hunger and enormous queues before empty stores. He returns often to this theme. He draws two rattlesnakes crawling out of the Gestapo torture-chambers and Trotskiist rat-holes and twisting into a monstrous likeness of a swastika. Thus Efimov comments on the alliance between the Nazi agents and the Trotski plotters.

But Efimov knows that the masses are stronger than Fascism, and that the people will eventually overthrow the Fascist despots. His cartoons, while creating a terrifying image of Fascism, are careful to expose its weakness. In one of his cartoons Hitler is shown standing on a rickety throne supported by four executioner's axes above a sea of blood. Another shows the Fascist economy bowed beneath the weight of armaments and tottering on uncertain legs made of German currency. The last cartoon in the album is particularly sanguine; it shows the Fascist enemies of the people at last facing the People's Tribunal, and bears the caption 'There will be a judgment day in Berlin!'

Efimov's album is a contribution to our political literature. It should appeal both to the lover of the cartoonist's art and to those persons who have a serious interest in graphic political propaganda.

[The Destiny of France *by Alexander Werth will be published in America under the title* Which Way France? *by Harper and Brothers, New York.*]

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OUR OWN BOOKSHELF

VIEWED WITHOUT ALARM. *By Walter Millis. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1937. 79 pages. $1.25.*

ZERO HOUR. *By Richard Freund. New York: Oxford University Press. 1937. 256 pages. $2.50.*

IF STUDENTS of foreign affairs can snatch their attention away from today's pictures of prominent Englishmen trying on their brand-new gas masks, they may for a moment find surcease from gnawing worry. For here is one book that is designed to calm the mind about that coming European war; and another, itself not too disturbing in its prophecies, which makes international politics seem so easy that fears are quieted even in the zero hour before the attack.

The Walter Millis of *Road to War* and *The Martial Spirit* has himself calmed down considerably. He has taken a trip through Europe as far as Moscow, avoiding the interviews with the mighty, with which he shrewdly suspects the public to be surfeited, and has come back viewing the immediate scene without alarm; for, as he observes, 'the world war has not been coming for another year or two for a long time now.'

After the anxieties which Mr. Millis and his readers have shared in the past, it is good to see the author in this relaxed mood. He has just as much interest in difficulties at the customs, in passport troubles, currency troubles and literature troubles as Mrs. John Smith of the Zenith Women's Club. The only difference is that Mr. Millis, when he bothers to do it, can make those trials have cosmic significance. In Moscow he goes, even as you and I, to see *crêches*. He doesn't think daily life on a Soviet ship is exactly riotous; and the American and British bourgeois traveling with him agree. The account is delightful. But is it, for Mr. Millis, cricket?

In parts of the book, especially at the end, the author is himself again. The old Millis comes back as he watches German war maneuvers: thousands of men under arms; village girls throwing flowers down on them; the convenient pretense that war is a glorious game in a sunny countryside. That last, to him, is a 'dreadful thing.' Back in London the fog clears, and he becomes convinced that the British will keep Europe out of war if they possibly can. In a chapter with the memorable title 'How to Stay Out of War and Like It' he concludes that 'the British are keeping the peace primarily by the simple, and all but unanimous, resolve that they are not going to do any fighting—not if they can help it.'

Mr. Freund's *Zero Hour* has been called 'politics for beginners and students who got lost in the maze.' If there are in fact students who are unaware that 'Poland is bordered by Russia in the east and Germany in the west,' that 'the economic life of Germany has been brought under complete government control,' and that 'the United States depends for smooth running of her industries on supplies from abroad of certain raw materials,' it is indeed a service to society to supply them with the information contained between these covers.

Mr. Freund is a young German-born journalist of Austrian extraction who has found work and home in England. Possibly, with his Continental background, he has been led to underestimate the degree of political intelligence of the American and even of the English reading public.

In this half-historical, half-contemporary account of current international problems which may lead to war the scene shifts rapidly from one European country to another: to the Mediterranean and through the Suez Canal to India and her neighbors, across China and Japan to the United States, to Soviet Russia and back to the safe shelter of the Lion and the Unicorn. It is only when Mr. Freund leaves behind the débris of this spiritual world tour and pauses to meditate under the Union Jack that the treatment acquires significance for the serious student. Like Mr. Millis, he believes that the hope of peace lies in British policy. Possibly Great Britain can hold the confidence of European countries and repair the foundations of peace on a genuinely collective basis. Failing that, her fleets, armies and airplanes can give her a stern backing in her efforts at international mediation. Thus surprisingly does Mr. Freund prove himself in the end more of a realist than Mr. Millis.

—ALZADA COMSTOCK

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GREY OF FALLODON. *By George Macaulay Trevelyan. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 1937. 447 pages. $3.75.*

AFTER autobiography and essays and critical evaluation of actions taken comes biography. Not lamely in this case, but with the sure tread of one accustomed to the task, of one whose skill was acquired in writing of Italian leaders of the Risorgimento and of the earlier Lord Grey of the Reform Bill.

Any biographer of Grey of Fallodon would find himself confronted by a dilemma as difficult in its way as those which the Foreign Secretary so often faced between 1906 and 1917. If the biographer is to paint the man as a person—to depict his individual idiosyncrasy—he must tell much of his career. If the writer is to record his hero's career he must, in the case of Edward Grey, either compress his narrative within rigid confines, or else follow the model set by Grey himself and fashion a 'two-decker' which will probably deserve to be christened a 'Life and Times.' The former alternative has been chosen by the learned and Liberal Regius Professor at Cambridge. And portions of his volume suffer from the option made. He is forced to proceed topically to such an extent that the reader sometimes feels that time itself is out of joint, and a foremost literary historian is driven to write in textbook fashion. It should be quickly added that these topical portions are like a good textbook, for Trevelyan is admirably clear in describing the available alternatives for action allowed Grey in the various crises of his career. It is too often forgotten that Grey had to act, since he was not merely a framer of policies but also the director of a great nation's movement. Decisions could not be indefinitely postponed.

Some new material is brought forth, as in the case of Grey's indication of Britain's probable stand in 1914. It is both controversial and convincing, in the hands of Trevelyan. But far more significant than the political account is the presentation of the other Grey—the Grey who loved Wordsworth, angling, birds and the quiet delight of the countryside. As that picture develops we hardly need to be reminded that the writer is the author of a charming essay on 'Walking,' and the historian of England who has a greater knowledge of her rural charms than any other. To this portrait is added the idyll of Edward and Dorothy Grey who together loved Fallodon and Hudson and birds, and were truly one in their personal devotion. The stark tragedy of Grey's many personal losses, so bravely borne, the ennoblement of character which they produced, the supreme failure on the part of one who hated war to maintain peace and the eventual inability of the skilled fisherman to see whether his fly fell in the stream or on the bank are admirably conjoined. The picture is of one with 'eagle's eyes,' who loved much, who played well, and who, to deserve the name of Liberal, ever strove to be fair whatever the shortcomings in accomplishment produced by his own fallibility or by inexorable circumstances. It is the portrait of one who strove valiantly in the arena of politics for which he had an intense dislike, and of one who, when drenched to the skin, glowed with delight at feeling at one with the rain.

—ROBERT H. GEORGE

SOUTH TO SAMARKAND. *By Ethel Mannin. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. 1937. 355 pages. $3.50.*

FRONT LINE AND DEADLINE. *By Granville Fortescue. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1937. 310 pages. $3.00.*

HERE we have two more accounts of adventurous wandering. One is by a professional English writer who determined to visit Samarkand despite Soviet reluctance to admit foreigners to that border city; the other is by an American soldier who witnessed most of the best wars of the last generation from the press box and from the trenches themselves.

Miss Mannin never makes it quite clear why she wanted to enter Turkestan. One gathers she thought it would be romantic, also that it would be hard. 'It was an obsession,' she admits. Yet on the day of her departure she had no wish to leave England. There is something a little alarming in the picture Miss Mannin paints of herself—a grim-willed woman driving herself through all opposition and hardship to an end shaped not so much by desire as by some vague imperative in her subconscious mind. At one point she tells of buying 'two dripping handfuls of sour cucumbers, gherkins, full of juice, whose unpleasant taste I found curiously fascinating, so that though with every mouthful I exclaimed how foul they were, I was nevertheless compelled to eat the horrible things.' Later on, eating peanuts, she observes: 'The thin dry husk in your mouth is

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infuriating and the whole process is irritating and exasperating but curiously compelling. You go on being irritated, telling yourself it is not worth the trouble, and chewing and spitting and spluttering.' And that is exactly how Miss Mannin went through Russia—infuriated, but carrying on, spluttering but determined.

An author's note relates that her companion on the road to Samarkand, an artist who was to have illustrated the book, withheld her sketches because she regarded Miss Mannin's criticisms of the U.S.S.R. as mistaken and misleading. Her book purports to be a purely impartial record of travel, yet despite its elaborate protestations of objectivity its mood is predominantly sour. Miss Mannin storms south to Samarkand, holding her nose, raging at conductors, hotel clerks and guides, and complaining of the heat inside and the cold outdoors. Eventually she reaches Samarkand and finds the beauty left by Tamerlane rising from modern filth. Her book holds considerable interest for its descriptions of remote communities on the Caucasian steppes, an appalling trip across the Caspian in fourth class, and of Turkestan where she found the passive Orient still trudging its unchanging path, heedless of Western whip-cracking and the machine. More interesting than the author's picture of Southwestern Asia, however, is her unabashed revelation of an extraordinarily impatient disposition. No doubt she endured much that was unpleasant, but the virtues of plumbing have not as yet received Eastern recognition. The book leaves one with the conviction that on a mountain climbing expedition Miss Mannin would complain that the walking was all uphill.

Major Fortescue has none of Miss Mannin's prejudices. He hurries happily from war to war, watching people kill each other in two hemispheres and occasionally lending a helping hand. His reactions to the turmoil about him are those of the military mind. He deplores tactical blunders, Winston Churchill and French officers; and he finds much that is 'gallant' on various fronts. But he never questions the motives or logic of any conflict—*c'est la guerre*. In twenty years he knew adventures which in experience were vastly more exciting than many heretofore recorded in better-written books. He charged up San Juan Hill, fought in the Philippines, observed the Japanese army before Port Arthur and rode with Spanish cavalrymen in Africa against the Riffs—all in the first three chapters. He telephoned the first flash of the German invasion of Belgium. During the first three years of the World War he watched various battlefields for the London *Daily Telegraph* and Mr. William Randolph Hearst. The French arrested him repeatedly as a spy. He was in Paris during the despair of September, 1914, and in Berlin during the exultation of the same month. With Richard Harding Davis he dodged shells on a tower of Rheims Cathedral. He followed the Czarist armies outside Warsaw and watched the ghastly massacre of the British from across the Dardanelles.

With such material it is regrettable that Major Fortescue has not written a more satisfactory book. There are occasional stirring passages but others where the continuity limps; and his observations are not always as mature as one would expect in a journalist and traveler of his experience. Moreover he has omitted the story of his own service with the A.E.F. after 1917. The book concludes with a section devoted to the current civil war in Spain, although a publisher's note explains that time did not permit the inclusion of more abundant material. Major Fortescue does not tell why he has gone to Spain and his account suggests little that could not be obtained from daily newspaper dispatches plus a good guide book, unless it is a slight bias on his part for the Rebel cause. For all practical purposes the books ends with the year 1917. One wonders why it was not written ten years sooner.

—Lincoln Barnett

Arthur James Balfour. *By Blanche E. C. Dugdale. Vols. I, II. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1937. 336, 343 pages. $10.00.*

FROM the pages of these two volumes the enigmatic and complex figure of Britain's great Parliamentary figure appears in a new light. Many attempts were made during Balfour's lifetime to understand his detached, aristocratic personality and he was roundly criticized for his 'tortuous policies.' Shy, aloof, unemotional yet sensitive, he was a puzzle to friend and foe alike. The present biography depicts Balfour as the philosopher in politics. A student and lover of philosophy, he had been thrust to the top of the political heap by a combination of an indulgent, politically powerful uncle, Lord Salisbury, and the exigencies of a fate which lashed him to the helm of the ship

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of Empire. In the pre-War period, the philosopher Balfour was the backbone of Conservative England; during the War and post-War eras, still the philosopher, he became Britain's '*doyen*,' the elder-statesman who took a new lease on political life.

Mrs. Dugdale, who is descended from the Dukes of Argyll and Sutherland, and is a Cecil on her paternal side, has had access to Balfour's family and public records, which she has used with great skill. Of particular interest in her biography is an estimate of the eleven-year-old Arthur Balfour by his schoolmaster at Hoddeston. Because he was physically weak he took little part in sports. 'His interest in anything he learned varied in proportion for reducing chaos into order. ... He was generally liked by his school-fellows for his good humor and unselfishness, but they laughed at his abstractions.' In his maturity Balfour reflected these early philosophical characteristics. There is some significance in the fact that he waited five years before asking the hand of May Lyttelton, who died before he got around to making the proposal.

The biographer appraises her subject shrewdly. For example: 'Balfour's nonchalant air was an asset, but his Parliamentary strength lay in lightning quickness of dialectic and argument, in scorching power of sarcasm, and in the flexibility born of hard practice in preparing the subject and leaving unprepared the phrase.' Here is the philosopher in political action.

Unfortunately, there is little new political material of value to the historian in these volumes, although the familiar events of Balfour's career are handled capably. Mrs. Dugdale traces Balfour's political life as Secretary for Ireland (1887–1891), leader of the Conservative party in the House of Commons (1891–1895), Prime Minister after the Boer War and First Lord of the Admiralty during the World War. She describes his activities in such important issues as Home Rule, education, relations with the Church, local government, leadership of the Balfour Mission to the United States in 1917, relations with Dr. Weizmann and the resulting Balfour Declaration of 1917, his work at Versailles in 1918, at the Washington Conference of 1921–1922 and at the Imperial Conference of 1926. In all these momentous events, Balfour remained consistently the philosopher and uncompromising Conservative.

Irishmen who remember the 'Plan of Campaign' riots in 1887, when Balfour was Chief Secretary for Ireland, will hold that the blood-red jacket and covers of these volumes are peculiarly appropriate. For a generation, during which he was known as 'Bloody Balfour,' the statesman stoutly denied Irish freedom. To him concessions to the Irish ran completely counter to the scheme of Empire. As a young statesman, he opposed Home Rule for Parnellite Ireland; until his death he maintained his intransigence on the Irish question.

In order to create worthwhile biography, the author must lift himself by his bootstraps from the milieu of his subject and look upon him with cold impartiality. Mrs. Dugdale is obviously handicapped by a deep-rooted veneration for her distinguished uncle. Again and again she attempts diligently to curb her adoration. Despite her handicap of interest and affection, she succeeds in clearing away much of the mystery which for half a century has surrounded the life of pre-War Britain's Tory Prime Minister.

—Louis Leo Snyder

The Kaiser and English Relations. *By E. F. Benson. New York: Longmans, Green and Company. 1936. 304 pages. $3.50.*

Following his able biographies of Queen Victoria and her son, Edward VII, Mr. Benson has produced an interesting work concerning her grandson, ex-Emperor William II, who is referred to in the publisher's notice as the British Queen's 'most disturbing descendant.' William's personal life is traced from the time of the unfortunate accident to his arm at birth to his present life in retirement at Doorn. The emphasis throughout is on the Emperor's personality and on his personal or written dealings with the relations across the English Channel, especially Victoria and Edward VII.

The tone of the work is definitely hostile to Bismarck and William, although the wrapper calls this hostility 'witty, often devastating analysis.' Certainly it would be amusing to hear Mr. Benson attempt to prove such statements as these: 'His [William's] notion of constructiveness was, by making mischief between other countries, to wreck any constructive policy of theirs. That Germany should stand secure and foursquare amid the ruins of Europe was the ultimate Utopia.' Or again: 'Throughout his reign he had never shown any

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grasp of the serious responsibilities of kingship, never once, for all his sincere patriotism, had he rendered any true service to his country, nor had he ever failed to use his great abilities in the cause of European disquiet.'

This may make good reading, but it is not history. On the other hand, the volume does make this highly important contribution: it emphasizes that economic factors alone did not cause the World War and that no discussion of the fundamental bases of that conflict can be complete unless it give serious consideration, among other things, to the family quarrels, the personal likes and dislikes of the major crowned heads of Europe.

—Walter Consuelo Langsam

World Politics: 1919–1936. *By R. Palme Dutt. New York: Random House. 1936. 355 pages. $2.50.*

THE son of an Indian father and a Swedish mother, Mr. Palme Dutt has long since abandoned the humanities in which he once excelled at Oxford and devoted himself to the social revolution. During most of the period his book covers he has edited the *Labour Monthly*, by all odds the ablest Communist organ in the English language, if not in the world. In his 'Notes of the Month' Mr. Dutt's technique consists of damning his opponents from their own mouths. He himself follows the changing line of the Communist International and today celebrates the virtues of Popular Front Governments led by men whom he denounced as Social Fascists four and five years ago. There is, however, one line that runs through all his thinking and writing: hatred of British imperialism; and his fondest joy is to seize upon quotations by Stanley Baldwin, J. L. Garvin and Winston Churchill and to reproduce statistics from the London *Economist*.

In *World Politics: 1919–1936* he has covered the entire post-War period in much the same way that he covers each month editorially. It is not a chronological story although he does take up in chronological succession the various attempts at world organization, the rise of Fascism and the progress of the Soviet Union. His opening chapters, in which he analyzes the balance sheet of two decades and states the problem of world politics, could not be improved upon by any living Marxist, and his interpretation of the main events of the past twenty years follows the general Marxist pattern. As he comes down to the present, however, and looks forward into the future, some of his Marxism evaporates. Collective security and the Popular Front become the order of the day. But in supporting these slogans, Mr. Dutt repeatedly warns the reader that they have a purely tactical value: they are not ends in themselves and perhaps can never be achieved. It would be a mistake to attribute this seeming contradiction to some inherent flaw in the recent decision of the Third International. As one who has read Mr. Dutt's 'Notes of the Month' for more than a decade I can testify that on almost every occasion he has reviewed a world on the point of disintegration. Even during the years of prosperity, his most devoted readers, myself among them, frequently found themselves wondering whether the planet would hold together until the next issue of the *Labour Monthly* arrived. And because of his preoccupation with the decay of capitalism he has always looked at the immediate situation from the point of view of immediate tactics.

The highly realistic decision of the Communist International to defend bourgeois democracy here finds its most intelligent, its most convincing, its best-informed defender. On those grounds alone the book deserves to be read. More important, however, from the point of view of the so-called 'average reader,' is Mr. Dutt's skill in holding the attention—not by means of fireworks but by the fire that is within him. To some, of course, and especially to the sympathizers of Leon Trotski, Mr. Dutt's devotion to the 'Party Line' will be anathema. If more of his comrades could hold it as eloquently as he does, they would have more friends in the world today.

—Quincy Howe

Cæsar in Abyssinia. *By George Steer. Boston: Little, Brown and Co. 1937. 407 pages. $3.00.*

GEORGE STEER was the London *Times* correspondent with the Ethiopian forces throughout the period of the Italian conquest. His book is an animated and colorful record of what he observed and felt, of the fabric of Ethiopian civilization and the tide of the war that destroyed it. He minces no words as to where his sympathies lie nor his contempt for the Blackshirt victory. He saw how Italy's overwhelming superiority in arms, numbers and organization, her use of poison gas, her abso-

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lute control of the air, battered the primitive, decentralized Ethiopian State to its knees.

Haile Selassie relied upon the League and European justice for support. But the Anglo-French arms embargo during the crucial summer of 1935 and the early sabotage of sanctions were their only answers. Nevertheless the Emperor bore the full burdens of the war with unsurpassed courage, leading his armies in the field, manning a machine-gun in the thick of the fighting. Mr. Steer draws an intimate portrait of him, confirming the universal impression that he is perhaps the most pathetic and admirable of our contemporaries. The book pointedly suggests the rhythm of movement behind the Ethiopian lines. The currents of mass enthusiasm and mass disintegration, Ras Imru's stabbing raids, the vast stalemate on the southern front, the horrors of that last retreat under the pitiless hail of bombs and the fine rain of deadly mustard gas are highlights in the somber pattern of a nation's death. When the demoralized populace rioted in the streets of Addis Ababa those last days before the Italian occupation, Mr. Steer made a comment that may well serve as the final one on the whole Fascist adventure: 'Of the many that I saw dead or dying, there is not one whose blood does not lie on the head of Mussolini. He is the deliberate murderer of all of them.'

—Leo Gurko

Salvage. *By Roger Vercel. New York: Harper and Brothers. 1936. 311 pages. $2.50.*

OUT of a season's crop of novels Roger Vercel's *Salvage* stands on a pinnacle of its own, no matter how best-selling honors may go. It is the story of a ship that puts to sea only in answer to messages of distress, often in the worst of bad weather, a ship whose crew must be at their stations on board or within easy call twenty-four hours a day all the year long. Interwoven with the drama of rescue and the penetrating studies of the members of the crew is a touching love story. Even though one might be inclined to quarrel with the manner in which the most intense and dramatic effects are pulled out of the hat in the last few pages of the novel, the tricky ending proves tremendously effective.

Vercel possesses an extraordinary ability to take his readers into unfamiliar surroundings, sharing with them not only his vision but his understanding. The book is full of vivid seascapes and storm-pieces: ' . . . Their ship was spattered with foam like a foundered horse. Wherever she was not hosed down by the waves, foam clung to her in great yellow wads which looked as though they had finger-holes in them.' Or again: 'A squall broke, drowning everything. When it cleared again to northward the breakers made their appearance so close that Renaud got a shock. . . . A furious foam raced along them from east to west and smothered them. There was something monstrously alive about this galloping avalanche, like giant manes tossing in the air. Sometimes the rocks shot up out of the spray as though they were misshapen machinery that spat thunderous explosions to an astonishing height.'

It needs more than talent to show us things as Vercel does, more than mere fine writing to take landsmen to sea in a storm and make them realize so much of the experience.

—Henry Bennett

The Bridal Canopy. *By S. J. Agnon. Translated by I. M. Lask. Garden City: Doubleday, Doran and Company. 1937. 373 pages. $3.00.*

AT THE beginning of the nineteenth century Reb Yudel the Hassid, a simple but scholarly Jew of Galicia, set out to seek dowries and bridegrooms for his daughters so that he might earn the merit of having brought them under the bridal canopy. Almost against his will he succeeded, after many amusing adventures, by the aid of accident and a miracle.

Agnon is regarded as one of the most important Hebrew writers and this is one of his best books. Yet despite the excellence of the translation, one wonders, after finishing the book, whether the effort that has gone into the revival of Hebrew as a modern language was worth while. *The Bridal Canopy* is rich in scholarship. It contains a wealth of material on the life of East European Jews a century and a half ago, on Jewish folk-lore, humor, recipes and superstitions. But it is no more a modern novel than is the *Decameron*. If Hebrew is to become again the national language of the Jewish people, Hebrew literature will have to deal with times and problems that are closer to the Jews of today. Sentimental reminiscence, no matter how successfully and delightfully done, is not enough.

—Joseph Kresh

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AMERICAN NEUTRALITY

A Symposium—III

LAST fall the Editor of The Living Age asked more than a thousand distinguished Americans in all walks of life to contribute their views on the question of what action Congress might take further to preserve American neutrality in the event of a foreign war. It was hoped in this way to secure 'intelligent America's' views on a matter of urgent concern to the nation. An analysis of the replies revealed that most of the citizens who participated in the Symposium were in favor of 'strong' neutrality legislation, including embargoes on war materials and credit, the 'cash-and-carry' requirement for the belligerent trade in non-warlike commodities and similar drastic measures to prevent our becoming involved.

That the view which was most often supported in The Living Age Symposium was representative of sentiment throughout the country appears to have been borne out by the passage of the 'strong' McReynolds Neutrality Resolution in the House of Representatives and the Pittman Resolution, which is even stronger, in the Senate.

In the March issue we published excerpts from the letters of correspondents who favored 'strong' neutrality legislation. We now conclude our report of the Symposium by giving a hearing to those correspondents who represent minority views. Limitations of space alone prevents our reproducing the letters in full.

Publisher William Allen White approached the question of trade in the case of a foreign war with caution: 'I should consider . . . (though I am by no means convinced of its wisdom) a policy which would sell equally to both belligerents. I am not convinced that this is a wise policy, but it should have a hearing.' Discussing this in the same vein, R. T. Patten, of Presque Isle, Maine, makes the point: 'My thought in this is that such a provision could be carried out. It is doubtful if a strict embargo, especially on food supplies, could be.' Andrew Lang, of Jersey City, New Jersey, sees this policy as '. . . *ineffective, since certain nations are geographically situated to receive undue advantage thereby, and even where the combatants equally situated in this respect, we should still be tempting acts of aggression into our own front door.*'

Response from those who found the manufacturers of munitions to be potential war-makers falls into two groups. The opinion of the first group is typically expressed by Leigh Dannenberg, of Bridgeport, Connecticut: 'in order to preserve our neutrality . . . Congress should nationalize the munitions industry, as it has been proved this is too dangerous an endeavor to be left to free enterprise.' William F. Withers, of Los Angeles, California, finds this solution '. . . is necessary to take the profit out of war. Were no private profit in war, there would be no war propaganda threatening our neutrality.' Frank E. Hyslop, of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, suggests that the embargo of munitions can be made effective 'only by nationalizing the production of munitions of war.'

The second group of suggestions in regard to munitions involve government control. Rev. Robert Hugh Morris, of Haddonfield, New Jersey, writes, 'the national Government should completely control all munitions manufactured in this country, and be the only power to import munitions from abroad.' This idea, suggested by a number of other contributors, was also discounted by several, including President Ray Lyman Wilber, of Stanford University, California, who wrote, '. . . Attacking munition makers is a form of futile oratory.'

Many of our contributors looked toward South America as an ally in the search for neutrality. Miss Alves Long, of St. Louis, Missouri, finds in the Neutrality Treaty of Buenos Aires 'one more safeguard against our being drawn into war.' W. E. Wheeler, of San Mateo, California, enlarges on the possibility that: 'A League of Nations of the Western Hemisphere . . . might cut off Europe from raw materials of North and South America,' and Hawthorn Winner, of New York City, suggests that the nations be 'pledged to avoid entanglement in European conflict.'

Almost as many participants found trade barriers a serious hindrance to the maintenance of neutrality and of world peace. Mrs. C. E. Valentine, of Auburndale, Massachusetts, proposes 'that tariffs should be lowered and reciprocal trade agreements extended.' Mrs. Henry F. Wittmore, of Brooklyn, New York, suggests 'reduction of all trade barriers,' while

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Carl Mills, of Chicago, Illinois, proposes 'elimination of tariffs, and exchange of trade privileges between all nations.'

Enlarging on this theme, John J. Rothermel, of Washington, D. C., proposes: '. . . The United States should, in my opinion, work earnestly for the freeing of world trade, the promotion of world intercourse and the easing of world tension.'

Foreign propaganda was frequently mentioned as a serious menace. Hawthorn Winner of New York City, advocates a 'refusal to be influenced by pressure groups whose goal is to advance the interests of foreign powers,' to which Mrs. Franklyn C. Reid, of White Plains, New York, adds 'Even now, England and France have already started their tactics, the one emphasizing our ties of relationship and their faith in our support in time of her need, and the other making a bid to pay off their debts to us.'

In proposing remedies, the majority were, with Miss F. Taber, of Pawling, New York, cautious of extremes: '. . . Carefully adjusted supervision of the press to discourage propaganda for war and super-national feeling on the part of special groups, yet not to offend against the freedom of the press.' This, and active peace propaganda, are advocated by Executive Secretary of the National Council for Prevention of War Frederick J. Libby, who warns against '. . . the highly organized information bureaus and other agencies of our War and Navy departments. . . .' Mr. W. H. Heinrichs, of Middlebury, Vermont, proposes: 'Limitation of all war reporters' news through an intelligent censorship before publication; all propaganda strictly controlled.' Stronger measures come from W. T. Vandever, of Erie, Pennsylvania, who advocates making '. . . military jingoism in our own country a treasonable offense.'

Better preparedness had many advocates. C. E. Teach, of San Luis Obispo, California, proposed: '. . . Keep our land adequately prepared and thus help eliminate fear.' George J. Speigman, of Wilkes Barre, Pennsylvania, extended this to '. . . Build up military strength to such an extent that it will be the awe of all other nations,' and Claude E. Stevens, of Port Townsend, Washington, adds '. . . At least double and possibly triple our air force.'

A strong group looked to executive discretion as the most effective means of remaining neutral. President Ray Lyman Wilber of Stanford University states: 'Good navigation of the Ship of State is the only safeguard that I can visualize which will avoid conflict if war should occur. Legislation is not apt to be effective. . . .' Miss Harriett E. Morton, of Worcester, Massachusetts, points out that '. . . Congress can waste much time in trying to legislate in such manner as would restrict the Executive in the exercise of his constitutional right, namely an "unfettered initiative" in the development of the nation's foreign policy. It is really on the President and his Secretary of State that we must depend, in case of a European war, to meet all emergencies . . .'

Of note here is the suggestion offered by President Robert W. Sproul of the University of California at Los Angeles, '. . . that the United States Congress and the Secretary of State seek competent advice in some other manner than by keeping their ears to the ground. There are many men who have thoroughly studied the situation with reference to neutrality and, if they can be persuaded to speak, it will mean much to the future of the nation. The problem is not one which can be discussed intelligently or decided wisely by persons not intimately familiar with the ramifications of international affairs.'

As another check on 'war-minded' forces in this country, Nathaniel Weyl, at present abroad, proposes '. . . A constitutional amendment, requiring a national referendum before America can declare war, or commit acts of war.' The Reverend Robert Hugh Morris, of Haddonfield, New Jersey, varies this proposal somewhat: 'Definite legislation to the effect that neither the President nor Congress can declare war until after a plebiscite. This provision need not prevent us from defending our borders by land and sea. We do not have to declare war in order to protect ourselves from invasion.' W. Trenkman, of Austin, Texas, would make this referendum apply only to 'entry into a foreign war.'

Isolationists were present among the participants. Dr. Hans Nordwein Von Koerber, of Riverside, California, states: '. . . The United States should keep out of European politics,' to which is added, by Peter L. Wells, of Chicago, Illinois, '. . . Aloofness from European markets, as well as politics, should do much to minimize our danger from war.'

Searching into the economic causes of war, Mrs. R. V. Killebrew, of Indianapolis, Indiana, suggests that '. . . Until economic adjustments are made on a world-wide scale, providing for a just distribution of raw materials and markets, it is doubtful whether any neutrality legislation can insure peace.' Mrs. Franklyn C. Reed, of White Plains, New York, adds the suggestion that we recognize the 'right of all people to live, and to have access to raw materials and free markets.' K. M. Ward, of Downers Grove, Illinois, proposes that we '. . . express in no uncertain terms our willingness . . . to coöperate, at whatsoever loss to ourselves may be necessary, in financial and economic adjustments.' Miss Estel M. Reid, of Birmingham, Michigan, offers, as a difficulty of such a program, 'England, who will want to hold her wide-spread territories, mandates and spheres of influence.'

Reduction of armaments was proposed by several correspondents. V. E. Smith, of Holt, Michigan, suggests: 'The first logical move for this country to take would be to reduce its own expenditures for armaments. Certainly we have less need for protection from aggression than any of the great powers and many, if not all, of the smaller countries.'

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WITH THE ORGANIZATIONS

INTERNATIONAL relations and the foreign affairs of the United States have naturally been the main interest of The Foreign Policy Association (8 West 40th Street, New York City) for many years, both in its publications and in its round tables and study groups throughout the country. But since United States foreign policy affects, and is affected by, many factors the FPA has taken a broad view of its function. This is especially true of its series of 'Headline Books,' which present complex problems in their simplest terms by means of succinct explanation accompanied by pictorial statistics. Recently such subjects as *Made in U. S. A.*, *War Tomorrow—Will We Keep Out?*, *Peace in Party Platforms* have been dealt with in this fashion very effectively.

The newest 'Headline Book,' *Coöperatives*, concerns a domestic development that nevertheless originated and has been perfected abroad. When and where the 'coöperative' idea was conceived, the achievements of coöperatives in various countries and, finally, the possibilities and limitations of the coöperative scheme in helping to solve American social and economic problems—all are handled in the interesting 'Headline' fashion.

THE National Council for Prevention of War, through its Peace Action Service (532 Seventeenth Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.), has focused the attention of its thousands of subscribers upon the weaknesses and loopholes in the Pittman and McReynolds Neutrality Bills. Of particular danger, in the view of the Council, is the failure in the bills to provide any safeguard against the development of a war-time trade boom in materials other than munitions of war. According to its *Washington Information Letter:* 'With the presence of over $7,000,000,000 in foreign holdings in this country, there is plenty of available cash with which such a boom could begin. The result, when this large sum of money was exhausted, many people feel, would be a serious slump in the boom industries. This would lead to a demand for the continuance of the trade with the resultant danger of our having to enter the war to keep the trade going or to insure payment for the materials sold.'

THE Council on Foreign Relations (65 East 65th Street, New York City) celebrated the fifteenth anniversary of its foundation last fall. A booklet has now been prepared to describe the Council's many-sided efforts to stimulate an interest in international affairs among the people of the United States. Since 1928 the Council on Foreign Relations has served as the administrative center for international studies in the United States and maintains close relations with the British Institute of International Affairs and the *Centre d'Études de Politique Étrangère* in Paris.

THE Carnegie Endowment for International Peace (405 West 117th Street, New York City) is not a large organization, but its services to other organizations which are interested in international affairs would be hard to calculate. The annual report of the Endowment of its world-wide activities during 1936 has just been published. Attention might be called here, however, to certain important documents that appear in recent issues of the series entitled *International Conciliation*. These include the more important addresses that were made at the Buenos Aires Conference, the text of the German-Japanese Pact, the text of the Anglo-Italian Mediterranean Accord and Frederic R. Coudert's significant study of the possibility of legislating now to insure neutrality in the future.

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THE GUIDE POST
(*Continued*)

bombing is the report of the Air Correspondent of the London *Sunday Times* that Berlin feels, and is, invulnerable. *Defenseless London! Invulnerable Berlin!* [p. 125]

OUR short story, 'Flight to Freedom,' was written by Victoria Wolf, a young Austrian novelist who is well known in the German-speaking countries. [p. 128]

MOSCOW does various things, of course, to while away its hours between work and bedtime. We have chosen two for brief description. Since the Muscovite has always been an ardent playgoer we have translated a frank discussion of 'The Soviet Theater' of today by Charles Vildrac, a French poet and dramatist, some of whose fine verse has been translated into English by Witter Bynner. [p. 147]

IF THE Muscovite does not go to a play, he may join a small group that is presided over by P. Oreshkin. A complete stranger, to us as well as to the reader, is P. Oreshkin. After telling his story, 'I Teach the Worker,' he may slip back into the oblivion from which he sprang. Many Soviet workers attend classes and forums at night, and their teachers are the Oreshkins. Assigned to educate their more backward comrades politically, these humble missionaries soon find themselves teaching geography, arithmetic and literature. [p. 149]

POETS, at least good poets, are supposed to be better able than other mortals to see things as they really are, rather than as they appear to be. So we have called upon Thomas Stearns Eliot, whom many regard as the greatest of living poets, to turn his acute perceptions to an examination of the relationship of the Church to the World. His findings will be found in 'The Church's Message.' [p. 154] Mr. Eliot's impressive play, *Murder in the Cathedral*, recalled the tragedy of Thomas à Becket under the sponsorship of the WPA Theater Project last year.

THE WORLD has waited patiently for the Chinese colossus to awaken and turn on the dynamic and purposeful Japanese. Why China has failed to defend her interests and what are her prospects are frankly discussed by Sun Fo, one of China's outstanding statesmen, in his article 'Have Faith in China.' [p. 159] The author, who is a son of the great Dr. Sun Yat-sen, has for many years been Chairman of the Legislative Committee of the Nanking Government. He reveals with a candor that is unusual for a man in his position the weaknesses and strength of his people.

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the young nationalists of Siam, but airdromes and destroyers may be needed to protect them and to keep Siam for the Siamese. In the article, 'Even Siam Rearms,' there is a description of the spirited activity of this awakening nation. [p. 162]

'CARNIVAL in Munich,' the first piece in our department of 'Letters and the Arts,' shows how German writers poked fun at the Government during a very brief respite from the rigors of Dr. Goebbels's censorship. [p. 165] The second offering, 'Pushkin Centennial,' describes the extraordinarily successful efforts of the Soviet Government in arousing an interest among the Russian peoples in the great poet who died one hundred years ago. [p. 166]

VARIETY spices our department of 'Persons and Personages' this month. There is the brilliant but incomprehensible Karl Radek, whose life was rather scornfully spared at the recent Moscow trial. [p. 137] There is Pierre Viénot, the young French Under-Secretary of Foreign Affairs, who became tired of speaking softly to Chancellor Hitler. We shall hear more about this Viénot; he is a coming man. [p. 139] As for Katsutaro, 'Queen of the Geishas,' we need only say that she is idolized by the Japanese from Chahar to California. [p. 141] In 'Soviet Agents,' we present one Gorev, alias von Rose, alias Wolff, alias Skobolevski—a mysterious commissar of the Communist International whose eventful career has taken him to Spain to be the master-mind of Loyalist strategy. His counterpart among the Insurgents is the German Ambassador, General Faupel. [p. 143]

THE authors of the reviews in 'Books Abroad' include Edgar Ansel Mowrer, Paris Correspondent of the Chicago *Daily News;* Élie Faure, the noted French art historian; Basil de Selincourt, known for his weekly column in the London *Observer;* and K. Volski, book reviewer of the Moscow *Izvestia.*

OUR own book reviewers for this month include Alzada Comstock, professor of economics and sociology in Mount Holyoke College, and formerly on the editorial staff of the *Economic Review;* Robert H. George, professor of history in Brown University; Lincoln Barnett, a member of the *Herald Tribune* staff; Louis Leo Snyder, instructor in history in the City College of New York and the author of *Hitlerism: The Iron Fist in Germany;* Walter Consuelo Langsam, professor of history in Columbia University and author of *The World Since 1914;* Quincy Howe, formerly editor of THE LIVING AGE, and at present editor-in-chief for the publishing house of Simon and Schuster; and Messrs. Leo Gurko, Henry Bennett and Joseph Kresh, free-lance writers and reviewers.

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